

**John
Lennon**
1940-1980
A TRIBUTE

DECEMBER 22, 1980 ■ 95¢

People
weekly





PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K WAGON

\$6,721[†]
40 24*
EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN

\$5,980[†]
41 25*
EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE

\$5,880[†]
41 25*
EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG



PLYMOUTH TC 3 HATCHBACK

\$6,149[†]
41 27*
EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG



PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER

\$5,299[†]
50 30*
EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG



PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK

\$4,988[†]
50 37*
EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG

	EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE [†]
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K CUSTOM WAGON	40	24	6	FRONT	\$6,721
Oldsmobile Cutlass Wagon	30	21	6	REAR	\$7,417
Chevrolet Malibu Wagon	26	19	6	REAR	\$6,792
Pontiac LeMans Wagon	30	21	6	REAR	\$7,316
Toyota Corona Wagon	37	25	5	REAR	\$6,649
Datsun 810 Wagon	34	23	4	REAR	\$7,929

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K CUSTOM WAGON STANDARD FEATURES • Trans 4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • Concealed windshield wipers • AM radio (may be deleted for credit) • 69.2 cu. ft. of cargo volume (with rear seat down) • Custom all-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Woodgrain appliqué on instrument panel

	EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE [†]
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN	41	25	6	FRONT	\$5,980
Chevrolet Citation 4-Dr. Hatchback	35	22	5	FRONT	\$6,404
Ford Granada 4-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	\$6,633
Buick Skylark 4-Dr. Sedan	35	22	5	FRONT	\$6,551
Oldsmobile Cutlass 4-Dr. Sedan	27	17	6	REAR	\$6,955
Chevrolet Malibu 4-Dr. Sport Sedan	26	19	6	REAR	\$6,614

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN STANDARD FEATURES • Trans 4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive • Color-keyed wraparound wide vinyl side molding • Concealed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE [†]
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE	41	25	6	FRONT	\$5,880
Chevrolet Citation 2-Dr. Hatchback	35	22	5	FRONT	\$6,270
Ford Fairmont 2-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	\$6,032
Ford Granada 2-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	\$6,474
Oldsmobile Omega 2-Dr. Coupe	35	22	5	FRONT	\$6,343
Buick Skylark 2-Dr. Coupe	35	22	5	FRONT	\$6,405

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE STANDARD FEATURES • Trans 4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive • Color-keyed wraparound wide vinyl side molding • Concealed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE [†]
PLYMOUTH TC3 2-DR. HATCHBACK	41	27	5	FRONT	\$6,149
Honda Prelude	36	27	4	FRONT	\$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2-Dr. Hatchback	39	28	4	REAR	\$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Dr. Hatchback	34	23	4	REAR	\$6,408
Toyota Celica GT 2-Dr. Liftback	37	25	4	REAR	\$7,209
VW Scirocco 2-Dr. Hatchback	40	25	4	FRONT	\$8,495

PLYMOUTH TC3 STANDARD FEATURES • 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle • Tinted glass • Radial tires • Fold-down rear seat • Custom all-vinyl bucket seats • Sport steering wheel

	EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE [†]
PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER 4-DR. LIFTBACK	50	30	5	FRONT	\$5,299
Ford Escort L 4-Dr. Liftgate	42	27	4	FRONT	\$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4-Dr. Liftback	42	28	4	FRONT	\$6,520
Datsun 510 4-Dr. Hatchback	41	30	4	REAR	\$6,639
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Dr. Sedan	39	28	4	REAR	\$5,458
Chevrolet Chevette 4-Dr. Liftback	39	30	4	REAR	\$5,394

PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER STANDARD FEATURES • 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle • Radial tires • Multifunction steering column lever • Fold-down rear seat (liftback utility) • All-vinyl bucket seats • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE [†]
PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK	50	37	5	FRONT	\$4,988
Ford Escort 3-Dr. Hatchback	44	30	4	FRONT	\$5,158
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	34	5	FRONT	\$5,058
Datsun 310 2-Dr. Hatchback	42	32	4	FRONT	\$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	FRONT	\$6,449
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Dr.	39	30	4	REAR	\$5,255

PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK STANDARD FEATURES • 1.4-liter OHC MCA Jet engine with hemispherical combustion chambers • Electronic ignition • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power front disc brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle • Steel-belted radial whitewall tires • Trip odometer, temperature and fuel gauges • Reclining bucket seats • Folding rear seat • Front and rear bumper guards

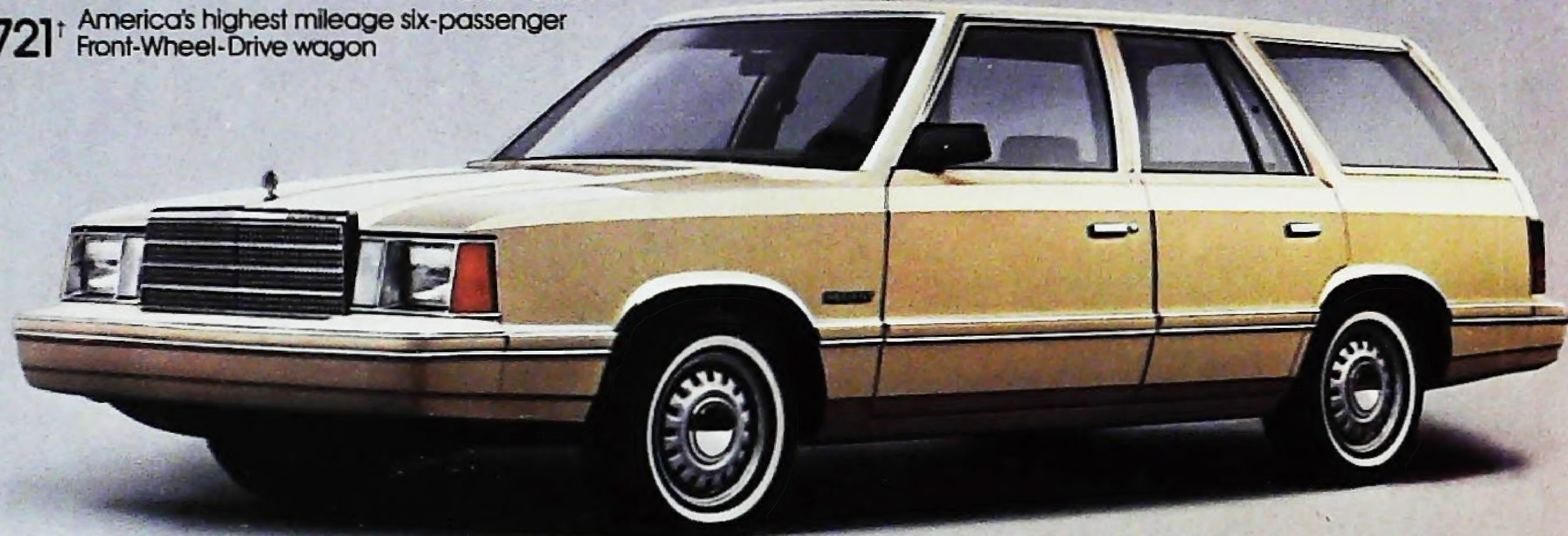
IT'S NO MYSTERY WHY PLYMOUTH SALES ARE UP AND AUTO INDUSTRY SALES ARE DOWN.

Plymouth is the number 1 American car company brand for high-mileage** cars. With more of the top mileage cars. More low-priced front-wheel-drive vehicles than any other nameplate.

[†]Use EPA EST. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. ^{††}Capitol Hill. [‡]Base sticker prices. Comparisons based on sticker prices, unadjusted for differences in levels of standard equipment. Destination charges, title and taxes extra. ^{***}Based on projected fleet average of 28.1 MPG. ^{****}Based on 1981 EPA ratings of vehicles with 24 EPA EST. MPG or higher. ^{*****}\$6,721 or less.

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K WAGON 40 **24**⁺
EST HWY EPA EST MPG

\$6,721[†] America's highest mileage six-passenger Front-Wheel-Drive wagon



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE 41 **25**⁺
EST HWY EPA EST MPG

\$5,880[†] America's highest mileage six-passenger Front-Wheel-Drive coupe



PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER 50 **30**⁺
EST HWY EPA EST MPG

\$5,299[†] America's highest mileage 5-passenger Front-Wheel-Drive car



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN 41 **25**⁺
EST HWY EPA EST MPG

\$5,980[†] America's highest mileage six-passenger Front-Wheel-Drive sedan



PLYMOUTH TC3 HATCHBACK 41 **27**⁺
EST HWY EPA EST MPG

\$6,149[†] America's highest mileage sporty sub-compact Front-Wheel-Drive car



PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK 50 **37**⁺
EST HWY EPA EST MPG

\$4,988[†] The highest gas mileage sub-compact Front-Wheel-Drive car you can buy



Why has front-wheel-drive become the wave of the future?

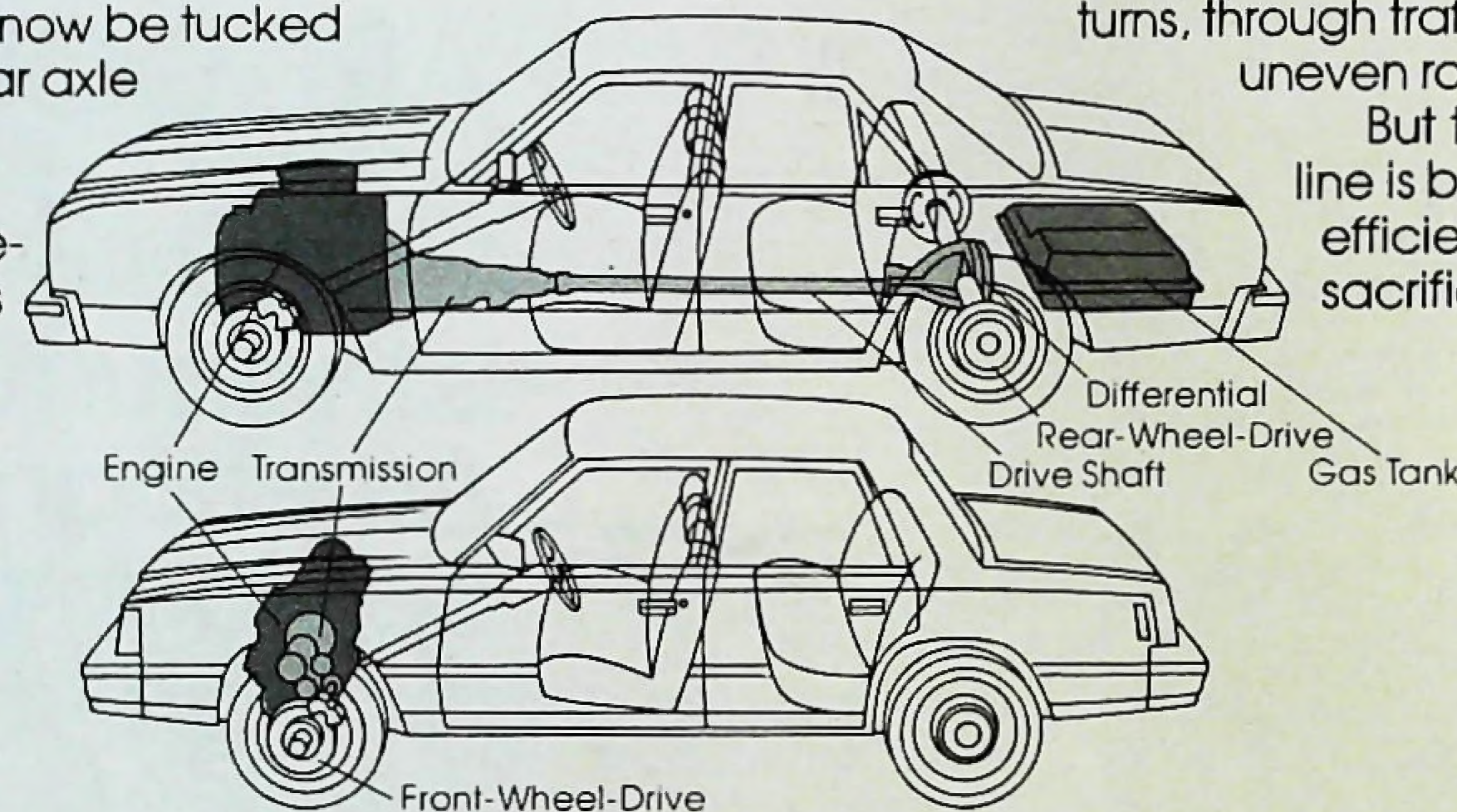
Fuel-efficiency.

The new front-wheel-drive technology mounts the engine sideways over the front drive wheels for direct power.

Then it takes the bulky transmission, drive shaft and rear differential out of the way of the passenger compartment. And moves them all up front with the engine to form a single compact power train unit.

The gas tank can now be tucked safely in front of the rear axle and out of the way of the trunk.

This simple, space-efficient design allows



a roomy passenger and luggage compartment in a smaller high-mileage car.

That's not all. With the weight of engine and power train directly over the front drive wheels, you get better traction in snow, rain and on slippery surfaces.

And because front-wheel-drive pulls a car rather than pushes it from behind, you get a great sense of stability and precision around turns, through traffic and over uneven road surfaces.

But the bottom line is better fuel-efficiency without sacrifice of room.

Why Plymouth front-wheel-drive?

Plymouth advanced, state-of-the-art, front-wheel-drive technology is acknowledged throughout the industry. We've had the benefit of over 11 billion miles of owner experience with fuel-efficient front-wheel-drive cars in America. That's more than Ford or GM. More than Datsun or Toyota. And we're just warming up.

Plymouth now has more different kinds of high-mileage front-wheel-drive cars than any other nameplate.^{††}

Foreign or domestic.

Most of the cars we sell today are high-mileage front-wheel-drive. The new Trans-4 engines, standard in most of our domestic front-wheel-drive cars, are specifically designed and engineered for front-wheel-drive. This not only makes them exceptionally fuel-efficient, it also makes them wonderfully easy to service because most things are up-front, on-top where you can easily reach them.

Plymouth front-wheel-drive cars share in our

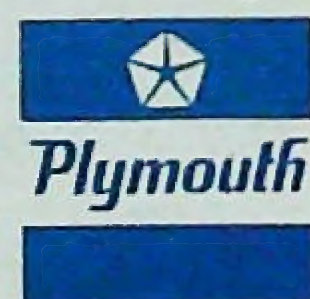
new mileage breakthrough—an advanced electronic fuel-control system that continuously monitors and adjusts engine timing and air/fuel ratio for optimum efficiency. Result: Plymouth is the mileage leader in more classes than any other nameplate.^{††} American or import.

Plymouth front-wheel-drive cars are designed and engineered so carefully that they have traditional resale leadership.

In fact, our Horizon has the highest resale record of any car built in America, based on recent Automotive Market Reports of 1979 models with automatic transmissions.

Plymouth has been able to achieve all this and still maintain competitive prices. In fact, Plymouth has more of America's lowest-priced front-wheel-drive cars than anyone else.

And think about this. If everyone drove a Plymouth front-wheel-drive car, America wouldn't have to import one drop of OPEC oil for gasoline.^{†††}



The American Way To Beat The Pump.

^{††} Based on EPA categories. ^{†††} Based on 25 EPA EST. MPG rating and 15,000 annual miles vs. current 14 MPG avg. for 110 million U.S. cars. (44% of our OPEC oil is made into gasoline.)

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In the aftershock of **John Lennon's** murder, PEOPLE chronicles an extraordinary career—and offers an intimate portrait of the loving home life he shared with **Yoko Ono** and son **Sean**, 5

Cover □ 1980 Jack Mitchell/The New York Times

People weekly

December 22, 1980 Vol. 14, No. 25

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□ The prolific **Isaac Asimov** edits *The Annotated Gulliver's Travels*
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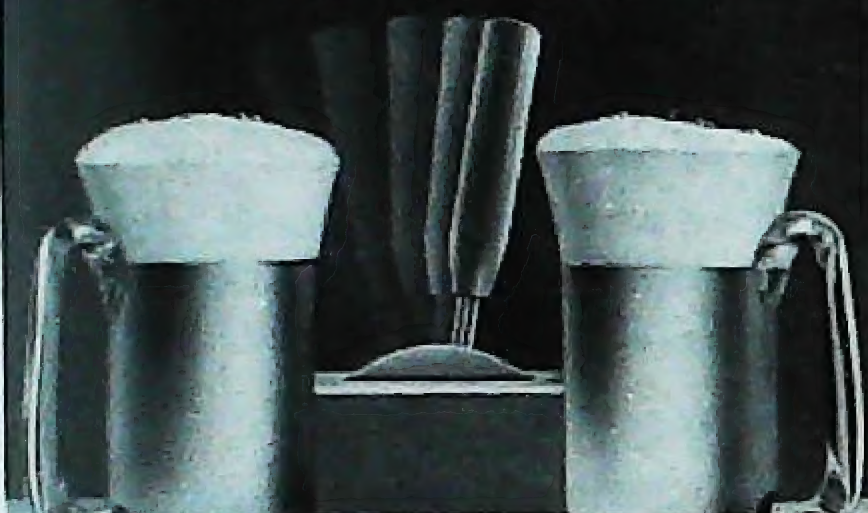
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NEXT
People
WEEK

SPECIAL
DOUBLE
ISSUE

THE 25 MOST
INTRIGUING
PEOPLE
OF 1980
& THE FACES
TO WATCH IN 1981

The Great American Beer Switch



LIVE on AFC Playoffs

See Schlitz tackle top beers in TV taste test—just before second half kickoff.



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MAIL

Kenny Rogers

As a broadcast executive I've had the opportunity to be close to a number of stars of the music world, and I've never seen any of them show as much basic human courtesy as Kenny Rogers (PEOPLE, Dec. 1). He treats the humblest of his fans with as much respect and dignity as the loftiest of his associates. I once saw Kenny spend several minutes having his picture taken by two frantic older ladies who couldn't get their flashbulbs to work, while he kept a group of promoters and record executives waiting. Through it all he was patient and gracious. He deserves all the success and accolades that life brings him.

George R. Francis Jr.
 Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Francis is the general manager and vice-president of Multimedia Radio Inc. —ED.

Let Kenny Rogers be mystified about his sex symbol status. Whatever "it" is, this 47-year-old mother and her 18-year-old daughter *finally agree on something!*

Jo Martin Nicholas
 Laura S. Nicholas
 Fort Worth

The staff of PEOPLE is enthralled, it seems, with Kenny Rogers! What is your fascination with him that he must be pictured on your cover so often? Sure, he's talented, personable and interesting, but don't let us beat him to death with your adulation. Enough!

Sylvia Tippe
 Delray Beach, Fla.

Lowell and Camille Weicker

I want to express my heartfelt appreciation to your magazine for publishing the article on the Weickers. We, too, have a Down's syndrome son who is absolutely beautiful to us and those around us. I was very impressed by the feelings expressed by both Mr. and Mrs. Weicker because they were so similar to the feelings my husband and I experienced when our son was born. We feel that if more people would talk about their experiences with retarded children (not just Down's syndrome children), more people would realize what can be and is being done for these children.

Janet Daniel
 Gainesville, Ga.

Congratulations on the Weickers' straightforwardness in revealing such a personal story and their willingness to educate the public.

Susan P. Perri
 Sandy, Utah

As a child psychologist, I was inspired to read of Sonny Weicker. However, I am deeply concerned for his younger brother Tre. A child conceived to provide companionship and care-taking for an older handicapped sibling has inherited a legacy which bodes ill for his own emotional development, as exemplified by the father's unwillingness to recognize the younger son's accomplishments for fear of hurting the older. If Tre's needs are sacrificed to those of his brother, the Weickers will have an emotionally handicapped child as well as a mentally handicapped one.

Linda Stout
 Saratoga, Calif.

Ingrid Bergman

I have met Ingrid Bergman. She radiates warmth, genuine kindness and charm. In the '40s and '50s she transcended the shallow star mold into which most of her contemporaries had been poured. Besides all this, the woman is a genius. She speaks four or five languages. Her acting has dazzled millions here and all over Europe. Doesn't a lady of this caliber deserve something better than the piffle in your December 1st issue?

Margaret M. Walsh
 Baltimore

Grand Hotel Oloffson

I first drifted into the Grand Hotel Oloffson 20 years ago seeking respite from long and trying days working in the Haitian countryside for an international service organization. Owner Al Seltz took care of me like a long-lost son. Although my current job takes me all over the world, I always return to my "second" home—the Oloffson. Those who share the hospitality of this great hotel are part of a wonderful family, and Al Seltz is the paterfamilias to all of us.

John S. Glaser
 Alexandria, Va.

The Pill

I just got off the Pill after using it off and on for seven years. I discovered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7



Merry Christmas, World.



Charlie Perfume in Limited Editions. Only at fine department stores.

The gorgeous, sexy-young fragrance. By Revlon

WHEN SOMEONE GIVES YOU CUTTY SARK,
BE GENEROUS AND GIVE A LITTLE BACK.



MAIL

that I had liver damage and a sign of a potential cataract. Since cataracts are usually hereditary and no one in my family has ever had cataracts, my doctor was at a loss to find its cause. Another doctor blamed my liver problem on excessive drinking, yet I surely didn't drink enough to even be considered an average drinker. These problems are listed as side effects of the Pill and many, many women have suffered effects even more serious than mine. Please help give women the choice of what to put in their bodies by providing equal exposure to studies showing the negative effects of standard birth control methods.

Robin D. Hart
Silver Spring, Md.

I am way past the age for using the Pill, but my doctor does give me samples. They are wonderful for my African violets, which bloom like crazy.

Gertrude Gibson
Fort Myers, Fla.

Heroes

My husband won the Carnegie Hero Award when he was a young man. He saved a friend from drowning in the Allegheny River near Homestead. I am very proud of him. Too bad you didn't have room to print the entire list of recipients of this prestigious award.

Mrs. Thomas Stahl
Homestead, Pa.

Heroes in today's time? Yes, indeed. My father, Leo Desmarias, worked for the Union Pacific Railroad for over 40 years. While in his 60s he pulled a woman from the front seat of her automobile, which had stalled on a railroad crossing. She had frozen at the wheel. Witnesses state it wasn't two seconds later that the train hit the automobile, completely demolishing it. My father and the woman he rescued were uninjured. He never heard another word from her or her family. But the Carnegie Hero Fund heard and responded with its medal and cash award. I'm one daughter who can truly say my daddy is my "hero."

LaVonne Desmarias Sewell
Knoxville, Tenn.

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Science. The Great Adventure

Science. It's a world that's too much with us to let it go by unnoticed, unreported. For it is how we live, what we do with our resources, our imagination. It is technology, medicine, psychology, genealogy. It's computers, cosmology, chemistry. It is genetics, phonetics, zoology, biology. It is outer space and universe. It is mysteries, some revealed, others still hidden. It is the vastness of nature, the nature of questions asked and answers applied. It is a great adventure, a voyage of discovery. And DISCOVER is Time Incorporated's newest newsmagazine—a journal of all the sciences, of what scientists are doing and thinking, of what it portends now and tomorrow. DISCOVER. It will be written for non-scientists who nonetheless intend to know the news of science. It will have powerful writing and unforgettable pictures. It will be revealing, challenging, fascinating. Join us now. As a Charter Subscriber to this exploration of the many worlds of science. Phone toll free, 800-621-8200. In Illinois, 800-972-8302. Begin your voyage of discovery with one phone call.

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The Great American Beer Switch



LIVE on AFC Playoffs

See Schlitz tackle top beers in TV taste test—just before second half kickoff.



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Kate Mulgrew (top with Rossano Brazzi) plays the widow who becomes Mother Seton, America's first native-born saint, in ABC's *A Time for Miracles*.



Tube

People weekly

PICKS&PANS

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17
A LADY NAMED BAYBIE
PBS (check local listings)

Martha Sandlin opens the third season of *Non Fiction Television* with an affecting documentary chronicling the resolutely independent life of a 62-year-old blind street singer in New York City.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18
NIGHTKILL
NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Disenchanted housewife Jaclyn Smith and her ambitious lover, James Franciscus, try to solve their problems by sticking her husband, Mike Connors, in the freezer. It's detective Robert Mitchum who sleuths out the soul on ice.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19
A SNOW WHITE CHRISTMAS
CBS (8-9 p.m. ET)

Every year there are more and more boorish attempts to cash in with ersatz holiday "specials" for children, but this rip-off of the Snow White tale is a new low. The animation is tacky, the lip-synch is off, and seven giants have replaced the seven dwarfs. Unlike the brilliant Disney original, this mishmash deserves to sleep for 100 years.

SUGAR RAY LEONARD
VS. ROBERTO DURAN
ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Challenger Leonard cramped the style and stomach of Duran in their controversial welterweight championship rematch last month, shown on commercial TV for the first time. In a live prelim, Lupe Pintor defends his WBC bantamweight title against Alberto Davila at Las Vegas.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20
ROLLERCOASTER
NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)

George Segal and Timothy Bottoms star in an artful 1977 thriller about an extortionist who threatens to bomb an amusement park. (Repeat)

LULU
PBS (check local listings)

Live from the Met presents the New York com-

pany's first performance of the three-act version of Alban Berg's controversial modern work.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21
THE YEAR WITHOUT SANTA CLAUS
ABC (7-8 p.m. ET)

Pout if you must, cry if you will, because Santa has decided he's not coming to town in this animated special. (Repeat)

THE GHOSTS OF BUXLEY HALL
NBC (7-8 p.m. ET)

When a financially ailing boys' military school decides to admit girls, the shades of the founders step down from their portraits on the walls. Dick O'Neill, Louise Latham and Victor French are delightfully funny as the ghosts who try to scuttle the new policy. Part two airs next Sunday.

A TIME FOR MIRACLES
ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Good intentions don't keep this treacly biography of the first native-born American canonized by the Vatican from seeming unmercifully long. Kate (Mrs. Columbo) Mulgrew is pinched and anxious playing Mother Elizabeth Seton (1774-1821) as a befuddled idealist. The saint deserves better.

COACH OF THE YEAR
NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Robert Conrad plays a depressed, wheelchair-ridden ex-footballer who coaches a team of reform school incorrigibles. Before the clock runs out, everyone reaches his goal.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23
THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY SPECIAL
NBC (8-8:30 p.m. ET)

The kid and the song become an animated cartoon, with background vocals by the Vienna Boys Choir. (Repeat)

JOHN DENVER AND THE MUPPETS—
A CHRISTMAS TOGETHER
ABC (8-9 p.m. ET)

With these guests, Denver couldn't miss. (Repeat)

THE MAC DAVIS SPECIAL:
I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS
NBC (9-10 p.m. ET)

Southerner Mac Davis celebrates the Yuletide with guests Linda Gray and Melissa Manchester

CHAZ

The fragrance that's almost as interesting as the men who wear it.

CHAZ for men by Revlon. Cologne, After Shave, Soap and Talc.

TWICE AS NICE.

We are one country. We are two islands. Sensuous as a lonely beach in Tobago. Exciting as a steel band in Trinidad. We are rich, golden sunlight. Green hills. Crystal waterfalls. We are sports. We are festive. And romantic. Come. Ask your travel agent about our packages with BWIA, our international airline. Or contact the Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Offices in New York, Miami, Toronto.

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People

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PICKS&PA



Amidst *Gulliver's Travels*, the peripatetic Lemuel finds that where there are giant Brobdingnagians, there are giant monkeys, too.

Pages

COLLECTED STORIES by Eudora Welty

She makes fiction seem simple to produce. "What I do in writing of any character is to try to enter into the mind, heart and skin of a human being who is not myself," she explains in a preface. "Whether this happens to be a man or a woman, old or young, with skin black or white, the primary challenge lies in making the jump itself. It is the act of a writer's imagination that I set most high." These 41 stories, dating from 1936 to 1966, are consistently superior. Their Southernness is deceptive; they are about all of us. No writer provides more truth and pleasure in a few pages of storytelling. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$17.50)

THE ANNOTATED GULLIVER'S TRAVELS by Jonathan Swift, edited by Isaac Asimov

Swift's satire of British society and politics is still funny after 254 years, and Asimov, that book mill best known for science and science-fiction writing, provides meticulous notes. He even takes time to figure out that since the Lilliputians' vocal cords would, as Swift portrays the creatures, be only one-twelfth human size, Gulliver's description of their voices as "shrill" seems technically reasonable. Swift could be ugly—in his famous essay on "solutions" to the overpopulation problem, he suggested the Irish fatten their children and add them to the diet of the rich. But Swift and his masterpiece continue to fascinate. The book's more than 200 illustrations come from previous editions of *Gulliver*. (Clarkson N. Potter, \$19.95)

HEARTS by Hilma Wolitzer

"The waitress intoned the specialties of the day: 'Chicken Cordon Bleu, Sole Amantine, Veal Marsala.' She might have been a train conductor in a foreign country, calling out the strange names of the stations." Wolitzer's prose is full of nice observations that make her novels a pleasure even when the teenage heroine, as in this book, is awful. *Hearts* is about the impact of a man's death on his wife and daughter. The wife is a 26-year-old dance instructor, married just in time to become widowed. She is left with her husband's 13-year-old daughter. They have had no chance to come to an understanding before the man they shared dies. The stepmother and the youngster, a tough case if ever there was one, engage in an emotional fencing match throughout a long drive to California and 324 wonderful pages. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.95)

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□ GAMES OF CHANCE by Peter Delacorte

This is not only a first novel but also that rare creation, a spy thriller with literary merit. The hero is a 1960s leftover, a so-so writer whose real talent is poker. But then a lucky streak draws him into bigger-stakes games: jai-alai frontons, cocaine smuggling and anti-Franco terrorism. Along the way he encounters a gallimaufry of quirky characters ranging from red-neck Florida cops to Basque separatists. The climax—a shoot-out in a Spanish jail followed by a race for the French frontier—is worthy of *le Carré* or *Follett*. The book is deft, fast and often very funny. (Seaview, \$12.95)

□ MY FAVORITE COMEDIES IN MUSIC by Victor Borge and Robert Sherman

Those who think Victor Borge is humorous will love this book, which reads like a transcript of his stage routines. The only thing missing is his keyboard punctuation. Borge discusses composers, conductors, pianists, fiddlers and "Ends and Odds." By far the best part is the footnotes. For example: "The celebrated novelist Gustave Flaubert said about George Sand that 'one needed to know her as I knew her to realize how much of the feminine there was in this great man.' Oh well, his novels are pretty confusing too." At the end is "A Helpful Glossary of Musical Borgefinitions" like "ABSO-LUTE PITCH: completely dark" and "BAGATELLE the lady speaks." (Franklin Watts, \$8.95)

□ CALIFORNIA RICH by Stephen Birmingham

The subtitle is "The lives, the times, the scandals and the fortunes of the men and women who made and kept California's wealth." Birmingham, who has a knack for turning interesting material into chitchat, writes this time about such people as newspaperman Michael de Young, who used his *San Francisco Chronicle* for blackmail; James C. Flood, a bartender who became a silver king; railroad tycoon Leland Stanford; publisher William Randolph Hearst; oilman Lyman Stewart; rancher James Irvine, and sugar mogul Claus Spreckels. Birmingham has done this same kind of job on Jacqueline Onassis, Manhattan's Dakota apartment building, New York Jewish society and the Irish, and is right at home in California's early-day never-never land. (Simon & Schuster, \$13.95)

□ A MAN by Oriana Fallaci

If the imagined barrier that once separated fact from fiction hadn't been broken down by Norman Mailer and Truman Capote, this "novel" would destroy it completely. Fallaci is the formidable Italian journalist known for her provocative interviews with the likes of Henry Kissinger and the Ayatollah Khomeini. The man referred to in the title of this book is Alexander Panagoulis, a real-life foe of Greece's military junta who died in a car accident in 1976. Fallaci, who was in love with him at the time, was convinced it was a political assassination, and she wrote this wildly romantic drama as if it were a letter addressed to the book's dead subject. There are 500 pages of peculiar sentences like "The two ladies looked at you in silence, seduced... listened to you, fascinated. What vitality in this man, what warmth, what fire! What overwriting! (Simon & Schuster, \$14.95)

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People weekly PICKS&PANS

Breaking ground on the new Rockpile album are Terry Williams, Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds and Billy Bremner.



DOUBLE FANTASY John Lennon and Yoko Ono

There is more to celebrate here than the implicit promise that one of rock's geniuses is creating again. The ex-Beatle and his spouse have produced what might have been called *Five Years in the Life*, since they have been away from the studio that long. They subtitle it "A Heart Play." The 14 songs—half sung and written by John, half by Yoko—trace their passionate union from frustrating celebrity to fulfilling parenthood. John's songs are reminiscent of his *Rubber Soul* period: expertly crafted melodies that are neither weighed down with message nor frivolous. He treats such themes as isolation (*I'm Losing You*) and househusbandry (*Cleanup Time*). There are also love songs to Yoko and their 5-year-old son, Sean. In *Watching the Wheels*, Lennon explains his long sabbatical from the music business, chiding doubters with the lyrics: "When I say that I'm O.K. they look at me kind of strange / Surely you're not happy now you no longer play the game / ... I just had to let it go." If Yoko's work is less charming than John's, it is at least less experimentally arch than some of her contributions to the Plastic Ono Band in the early '70s.

THE AWAKENING The Reddings

No, this record has nothing to do with the movie of the same name. Yes, the Reddings are related to the late

blues singer Otis. Two of them are his sons, Dexter, 20, and Otis III, 16, called Junior. Cousin Mark Lockett, 23, rounds out the trio, and they do the family name proud in their debut album. For self-taught musicians, they handle both singing and instrumental chores well, but any similarity between them and Otis' gritty country blues is quickly dispelled; the opening cut, *Remote Control*, is a pulsating disco tune, highlighted by Junior's rhythm guitar and Lockett's funky vocals. The album is evenly mixed, with remarkable ballads, and the only disappointment is the title song, an uninspired jazz instrumental. It has been 13 years since Otis' death; the name Redding should be back in business for a long time now.

BILLY BURNETTE Billy Burnette SECONDS OF PLEASURE Rockpile

If it sometimes seems that (in the words of Paul Revere and the Raiders) "kicks just keep gettin' harder to find," these two discs could salvage things. Both draw on the effervescence of rock'n'roll's formative decade. Billy Burnette is the 27-year-old son of Dorsey Burnette, who played bass to brother Johnny's guitar in the influential if short-lived 1950s rockabilly band, the Rock'n'Roll Trio. Young Billy began cutting Christmas and children's records at age 7 and later flourished as a Nashville songwriter, but only recently returned to what he calls "straight-to-my-roots, straight-to-my-heart rock'n'roll." He has the voice and the guitar licks to put over Rock'n'Roll Trio hits like *Honey Hush* and *Tear It Up*, as well as his own pas-

Song

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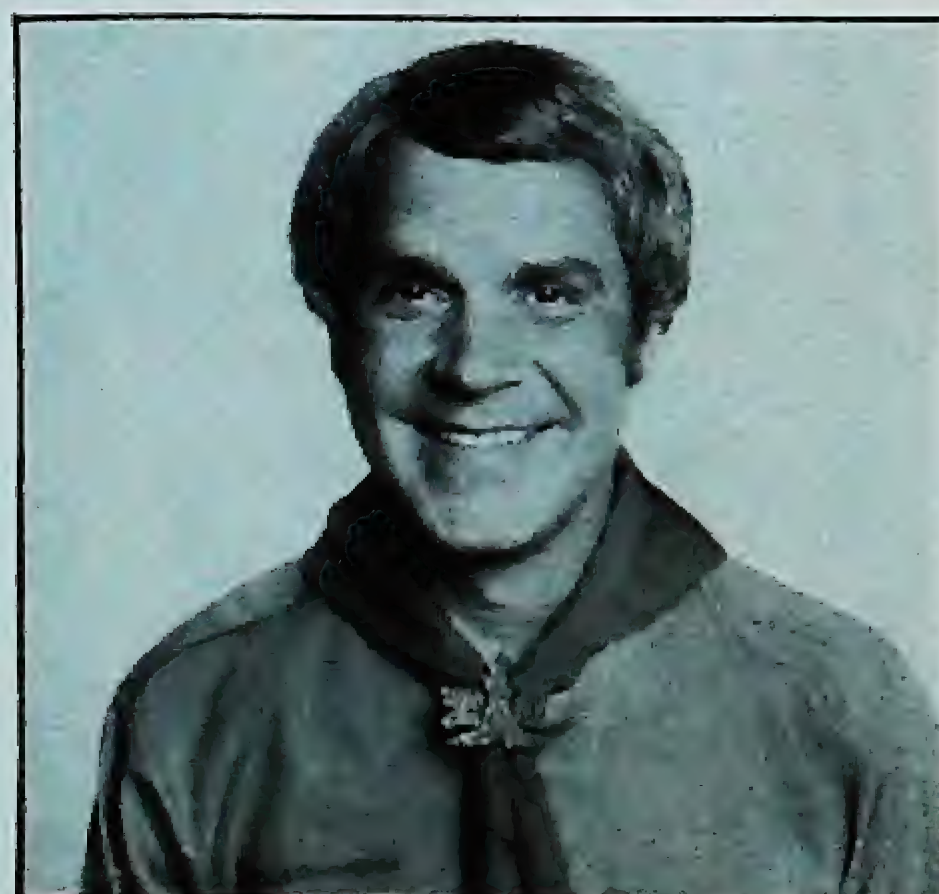
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People PICKS&PANS

tiches of Chuck Berry, Elvis and other icons. His backup trio is faithful to the genre. Presley and the others might have sounded like this if they had used modern instruments and recording equipment. The semilegendary Rockpile already sounds that way. The present members of Rockpile—Nick Lowe on bass, Dave Edmunds and Billy Bremner on guitar and Terry Williams on drums—were all central to the mid-'70s English pub-rock scene. Their first LP together is wonderful. In addition to reviving obscure gems like Berry's lascivious *Oh What a Thrill* and Joe Tex's *If Sugar Was as Sweet as You*, the album presents five new Lowe tunes as witty as they are up-to-date. With dashing instrumental work and distinct vocals, Rockpile doesn't just recycle the joys of the '50s and '60s. The good times still roll in the '80s.

□ BACK TO THE BARROOMS Merle Haggard

With an album that includes the songs *Misery and Gin*, *Back to the Barrooms Again*, *I Don't Want to Sober Up Tonight* and *I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink*, Merle won't win any temperance awards. The implied message, that it is manly to drown romantic sorrows in alcohol, is, of course, juvenile. Such pandering to the would-be macho, mechanical-bull-riding, skirt-chasing ersatz cowboy—urban or rural—is all the worse because it detracts from Haggard's considerable musicianship. This album is notable in any case for Merle's gracious willingness to let his sidemen, particularly Don Markham on sax and Johnny Gimble on fiddle and mandolin, exercise their talents.

Screen

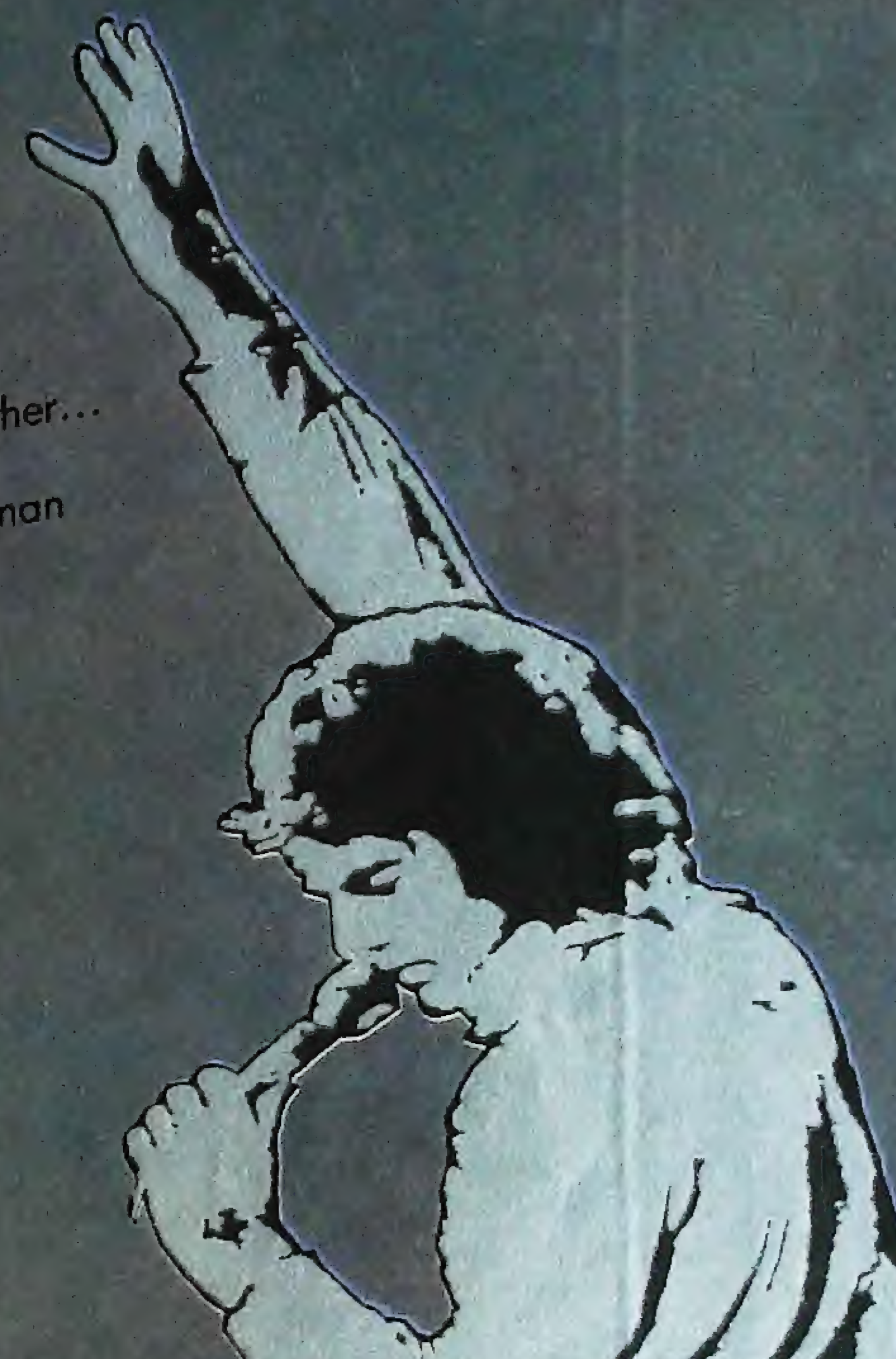
□ RAGING BULL

Extraordinary, electric, perverse, brilliant—they are puny words to describe Robert De Niro in this unflinching biography of Jake La Motta, the middleweight boxing champ from 1949 to 1951. De Niro gives a performance of such intensity and physical punishment that even the Oscar he seems sure to win will be insufficient recompense. To prepare for the role, the actor trained for a year with La Motta, who is now 59. De Niro not only mastered his speech, behavior and boxing style, but even gained 56 pounds to show the champ's physical decline as a pathetic burlesque comic in the 1960s. Using La Motta's 1970 autobiography as a base, director Martin (Taxi Driver) Scorsese and writers Paul Schrader and Mark Martin have crafted a ferocious and sometimes funny look at a Bronx street kid who could never confine his fury to the gym. Aided by Michael Chapman's superb black-and-white photography, Scorsese keeps his 128-minute film at a fever pitch. The fight scenes are the best ever filmed and only slightly more brutal than La Motta's emotional flareups with family, friends and the Mob. As La Motta's sultry second wife, a tall, blond newcomer, Cathy Moriarty, 20, is a Lana Turner with a Bronx accent. She's also an indelible screen presence. Joe Pesci, as Jake's beleaguered manager brother, is splendid, too. But it is De Niro who dominates this movie, seeming to tear his performance out of his own soul. At the end, La Motta sits before a mirror, fat and 50ish, rehearsing a monologue from *On the Waterfront* for his club

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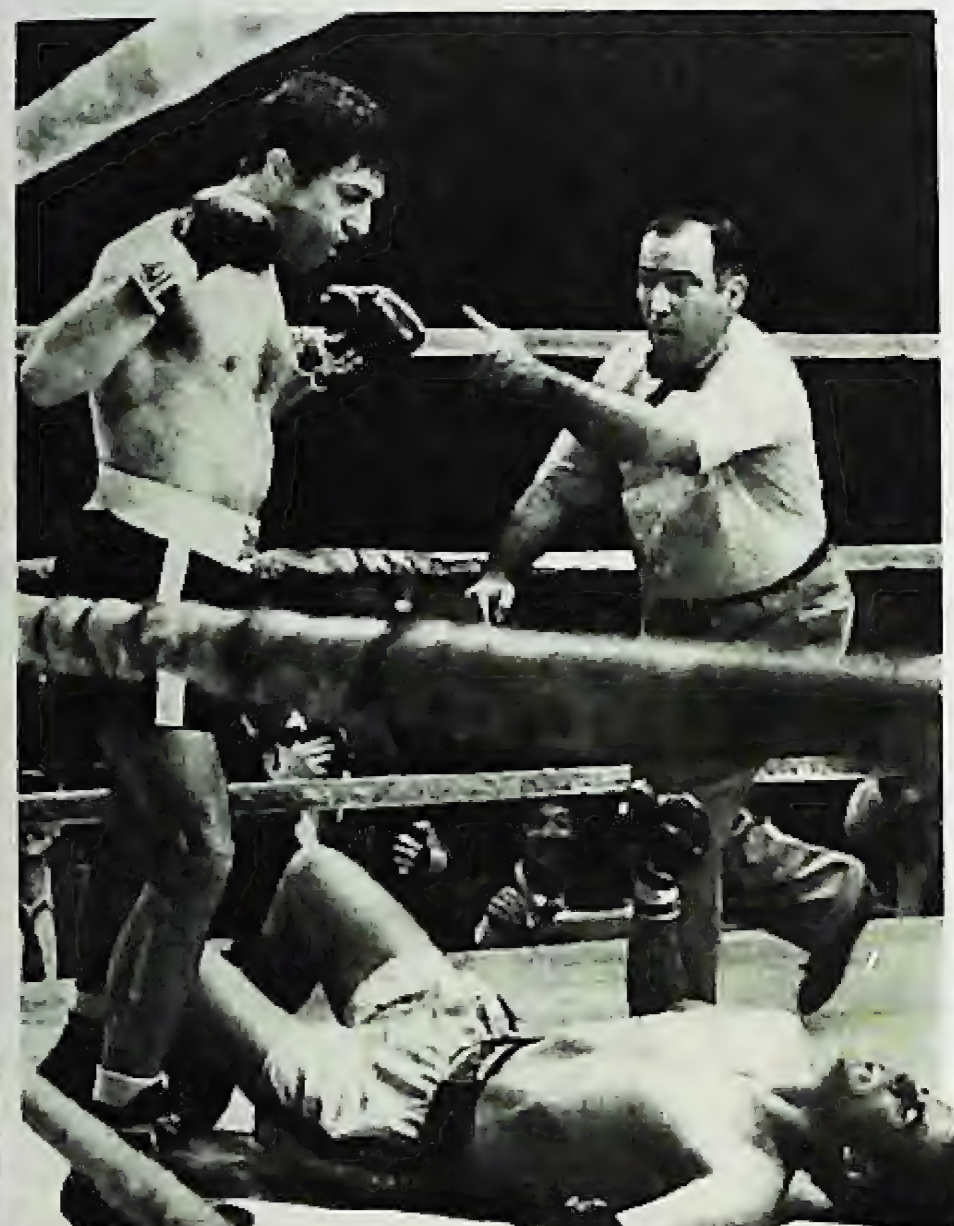
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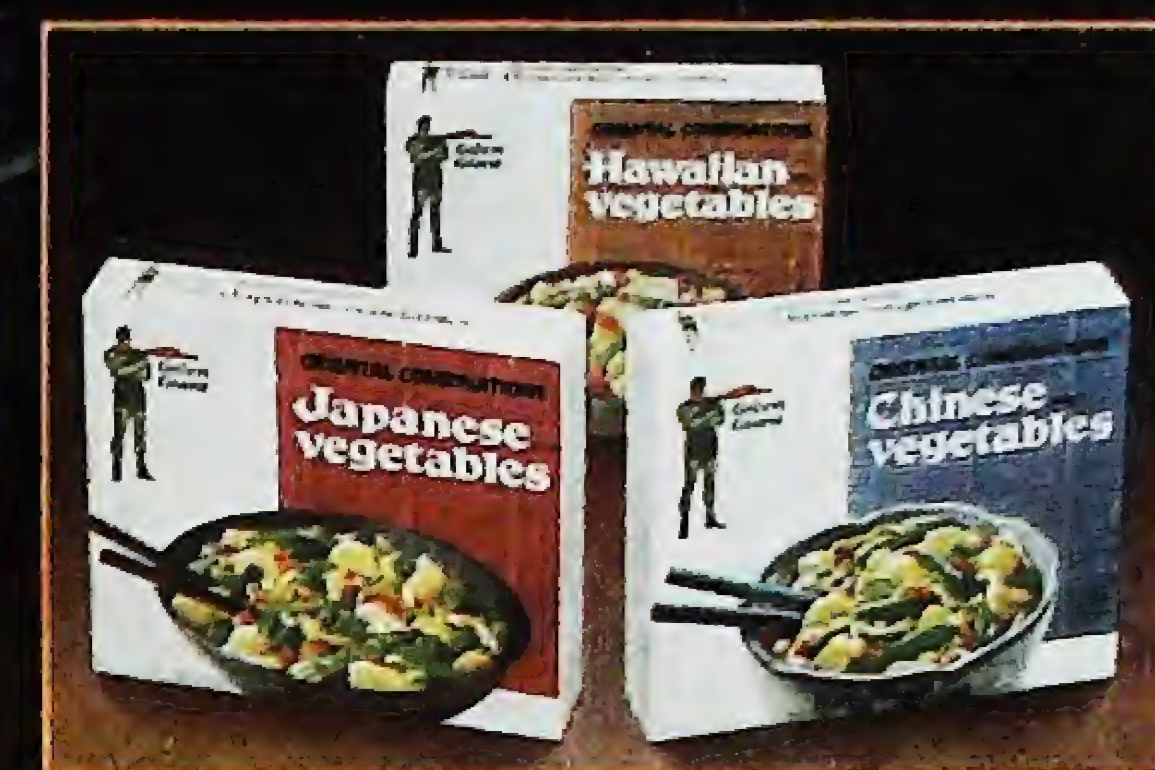
act. Suddenly we understand what that line about "a one-way ticket to Palookaville" really means. The scene, like the entire film, is painful to watch — and impossible to forget. (R)

INSIDE MOVES

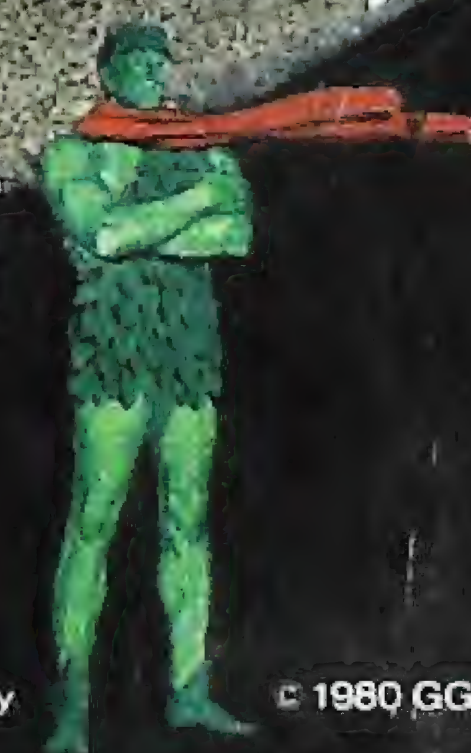
In the opening scene, John Savage is seen falling eerily from a 10th-floor window. Seemingly



In *Raging Bull*, Robert De Niro, as Jake La Motta, flattens Kevin Mahon, as Tony Janiro, top. (Martin Denkin is the ref.) Bob's gentler to Cathy Moriarty.



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People weekly PICKS&PANS

typecast as a basket case after his masterful performance in *The Deer Hunter*, Savage survives his unexplained suicide attempt but is badly crippled. Then he happens upon a tavern inhabited by a motley crew of invalids; even the bartender, played by David Morse, has a bum leg. Savage finds Morse the money for an operation, and soon he is a hotshot pro basketball star. (Despite the title, there are few basketball scenes.) The question: Will he remember his hand-capped "family"? The answer: a sermon on friendship that's as heavy-handed as some TV shows for teens. Still, this is a remarkably human film, especially for director Richard Donner, whose important previous credits were *Superman* and *The Omen*. If the plot sometimes rings false, the touching characterizations more than compensate. Up-and-comers Amy Wright, as Morse's hooker girlfriend, and Diana Scarwid, as the waitress Savage falls for, are outstanding. The eclectic cast also includes wheelchair-bound jazz musician Bill Henderson and Harold Russell, the handless businessman and Oscar winner who heads the President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped (PEOPLE, Dec. 15). Together, the actors achieve an ensemble effect that's rare on film. (PG)

□ RESURRECTION

A car accident leaves Ellen Burstyn clinically dead. For several minutes she is "on the other side," awash in bright light and familiar old faces. Through the miracle of modern medicine, she recovers to find she has somehow acquired the gift of healing. Screenwriter Lewis John Carlini, who directed *The Great Santini*, convincingly suggests how such a gift might be as much a curse as a blessing. Yet director Daniel (The Betsy) Petrie seems unsure whether he's making a sci-fi movie or an affecting drama; the result is an uneasy compromise saved only by remarkable performances. Stage veteran Eva Le Gallienne is moving as Burstyn's grandmother, and playwright Sam Shepard plays the son of a religious zealot with the same dark intensity he displayed in *Days of Heaven*. At the heart of the film is Burstyn—she is intelligent, compassionate and, when necessary, humorous. As an ordinary woman attempting to cope with an extraordinary power, Burstyn proves once again that she is no ordinary actress. (PG)

□ THE PSYCHIC

Jennifer O'Neill's once promising film career (begun a decade ago with *Summer of '42*) seems to have fizzled into a series of B movies, of which this is the latest. As the American wife of a rich Italian, she starts to have scary visions of torture and death—her own, it turns out. Naturally, everyone around her thinks she's nuts, so O'Neill must solve her own murder before it happens. As long as the action focuses on her desperate struggle, it's fine. But there are so many subplots and dramatic culs de sac that things quickly bog down. For those who can sit through the initial bone-crushing gore, the twist at the end is at least a shock. Another redeeming feature is O'Neill herself, who goes through as many costume changes as there are scenes and is surely one of the most gorgeous faces on the screen today. Too bad the rest of the movie isn't as enjoyable to look at. (R)

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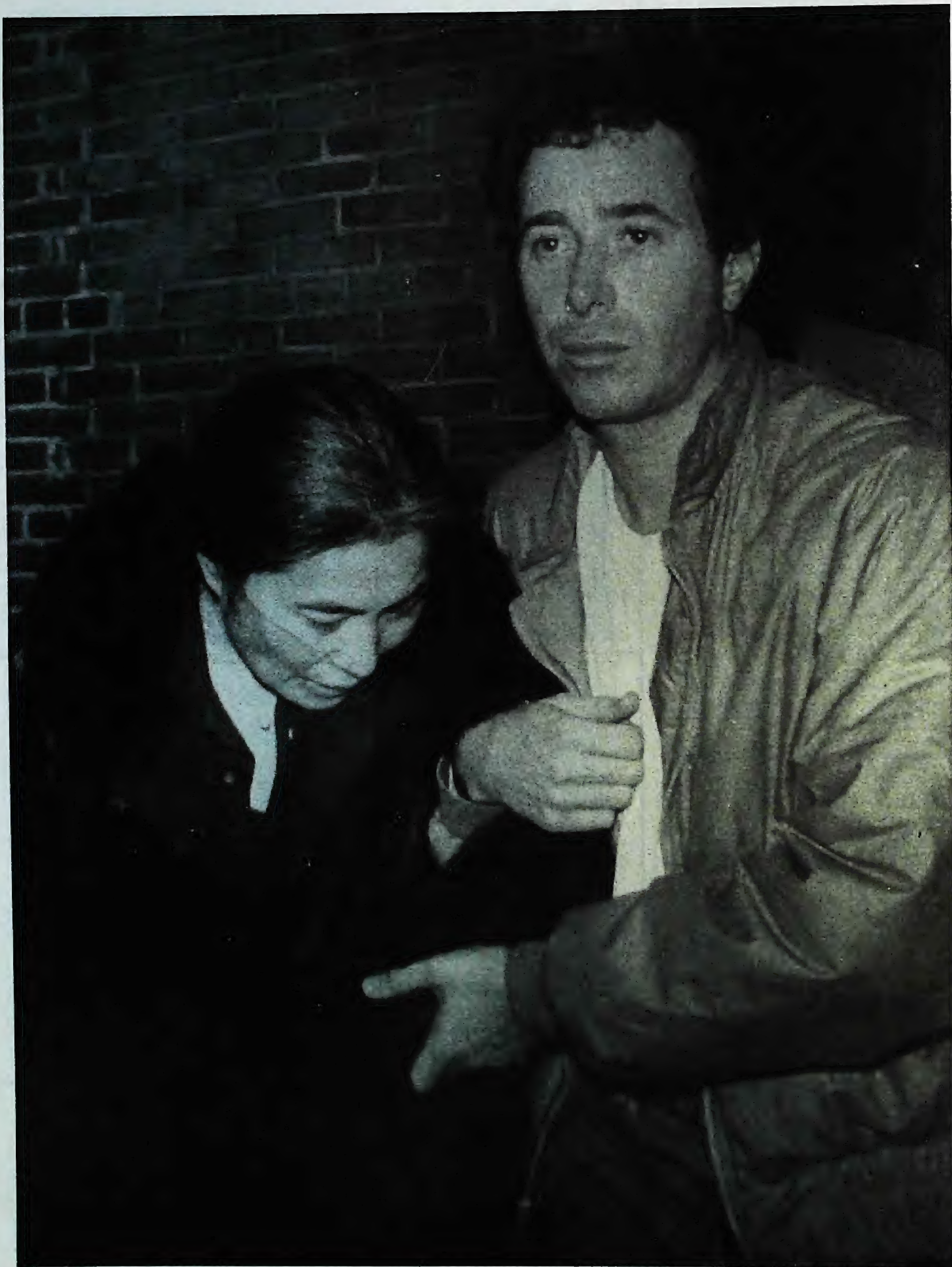
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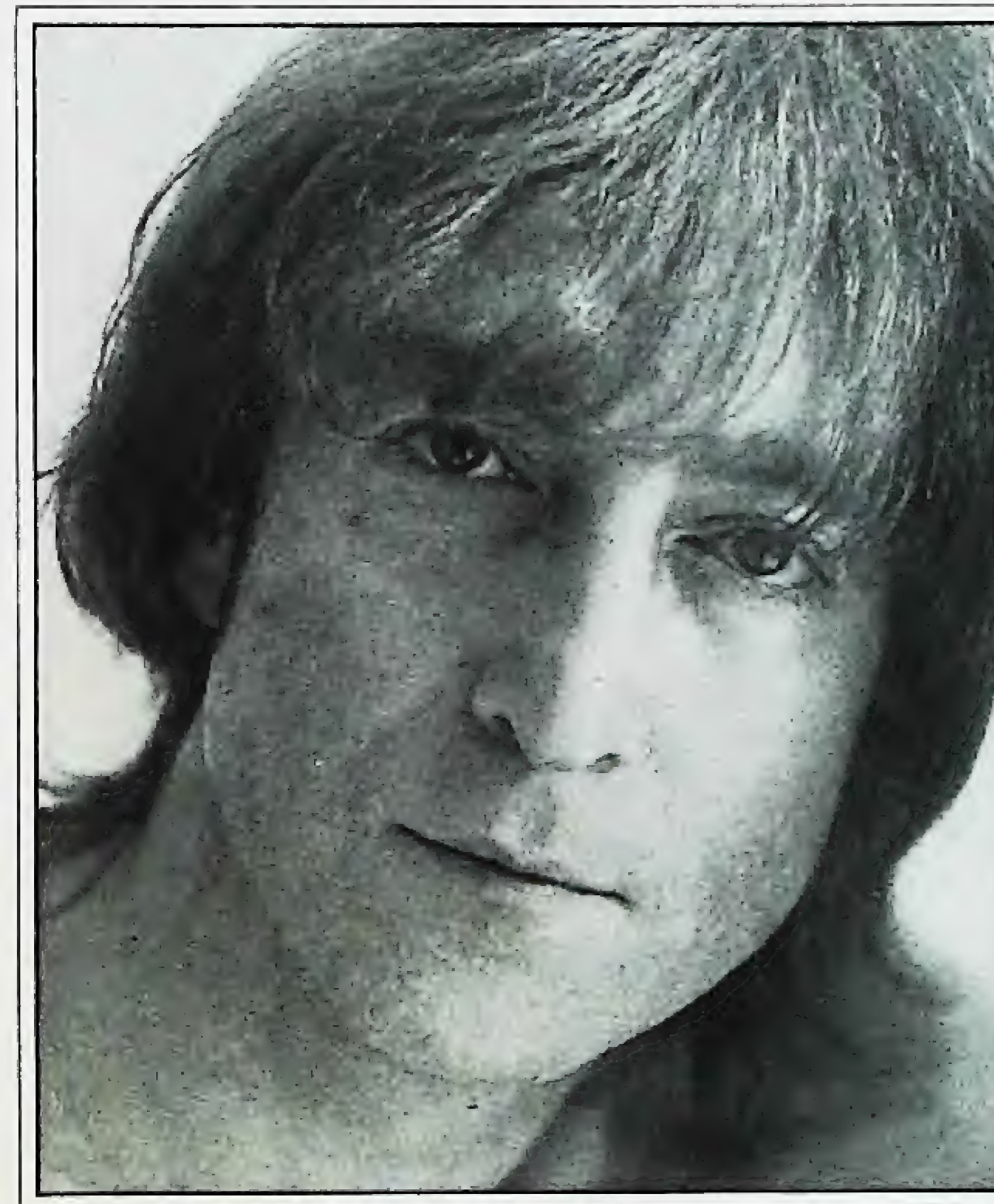
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Yoko Ono was comforted by record executive David Geffen. "John loved and prayed for the human race," she said. "Please do the same for him."

JOE DELAMIN/NEW YORK POST

UP FRONT



GILLIAN TANNENBAUM

IN PRAISE OF JOHN LENNON: THE LIVERPOOL LAD AS MUSICIAN, HUSBAND, FATHER AND MAN

As a voice of change in music and society, John Lennon never backed away from risk, in his work or in his life. The sense of willful adventure in his singing and his songs helped make the Beatles the biggest rock'n'roll act of all time. Then, seeking relief from the cutting edge, Lennon embarked on the most revolutionary undertaking of any rock star's career: an attempt to lead a normal life.

It was a bid for some measure of the security that had eluded him—from his lonely Liverpool childhood, through the isolation of fame, a failed marriage and a distant first experience at fatherhood. John chose in 1975 to become a househusband to build a closer bond with Sean, the child his wife, Yoko, was carrying. He ceded to Yoko the responsibility of tending his portfolio, by some estimates worth more than \$200 million.

That leap of faith in his marriage seems to guarantee that his family will be free of the wrangling and litigation that has plagued the heirs of less foresighted rock greats (page 59). Yet in readjusting to the life of ordinary people on the West Side of Manhattan, Lennon may have succeeded all too

well. "I can go out right now and go into a restaurant. People will come up and ask for autographs but they don't bug you," he told a BBC interviewer. Two days later Lennon was shot and killed. An apparently deranged fan, Mark David Chapman, 25, was charged with the murder.

Few outsiders saw John Lennon in the last phase of his 40 years; privacy was, after all, the point. But toward the end of it Sean was 5 and ready for school. That gave Lennon the option to make music once more, this time free of managers and under his own artistic control. John reached out to his public again. Buoyed by the completion of his first album in five years, *Double Fantasy*—a 14-track celebration of family life—Lennon granted the most extensive interview of his career to Los Angeles writer David Sheff. In the course of that interview, which appears in the current issue of *Playboy*, Sheff spent three weeks with the Lennons at home and in the recording studio. What follows is Sheff's intensely personal account of a day with John Lennon during the last and perhaps most meaningful experiment of his life.

"I have always had the deepest affection for John," said ex-wife Cynthia Twist at her North Wales home with their son, Julian, 17.



Seeds of Beatlemania were sown during club dates in West Germany in 1960: from left, Pete Best, George Harrison, Lennon (then 20), Paul McCartney and Stu Sutcliffe.



Lennon (above at the age of 8) named a ballad for his mother, Julia. She was run over and killed by a drunk off-duty cop in 1957: "It was the worst thing that ever happened to me."



John met Paul (left) and George (right) when they were playing in Liverpool bands and he was an art school dropout. They picked up local drummer Richard (Ringo) Starkey in 1962.



At 1:20 p.m. on February 7, 1964 the Beatles' plane touched down at New York's JFK Airport. That weekend the Fab Four made their historic first appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.



The Beatles were ostentatiously groomed for their first of eight film forays, Richard Lester's *A Hard Day's Night* in 1964. That same year John made his literary debut with a well-received volume of whimsy, *In His Own Write*.

At the end of a slow ride in a gilded antique elevator I rang the only bell in sight and waited. And waited. Then came a metallic cacophony of locks unlocking, bolts sliding, one inside door opening, then the tall heavy door in front of me—and there was John Lennon, smiling a wry, inviting smile. Dressed in tight black jeans and a faded Hawaiian shirt, he held out both hands and sang his salutations to the tune of *Eleanor Rigby*: "Here's the reporter, come to ask questions with answers that no one will hear..."

The entryway was large and sparse-

ly appointed: two clear plastic sculptures by Yoko, a gallery of photographs of John, Yoko and Sean in every possible combination. The living room beyond was enormous and light, with a huge fireplace, deep off-white wall-to-wall carpeting and ceilings higher than the line of sight. There were sheets over most of the furniture: The room was being redecorated, and



The high spirits that erupted in a pillow fight at the Hotel George V in Paris in 1964 were inspired by a run of international hits: *Love Me Do*, *Please Please Me* and *I Want to Hold Your Hand*.

white paint was still wet on the walls. This room—like the whole apartment—was most notable for what it lacked; there was no guitar, no piano, not even a stereo system—no sign that a former Beatle or even a musician lived here. "I never listen to music," John said, though he later admitted tuning in to an FM jazz station once in a while on a transistor. As for rock-'n'-roll, he declared flatly: "It's boring." He had decided to take up the domestic life, he said, "to get as far away from the music business as I could."

The grand tour of their seven-room apartment (one of five they owned in the building, including Yoko's office-apartment on the first floor) ended in John's favorite room, a kitchen that seemed to stretch over half a city block. There he offered an organic cake Sean's nanny had baked that morning. Complaining of the evils of waking up (it was 11 a.m.—he had been

taping the night before), he searched for some instant coffee. But there were only herbal teas—enough to stock a health food store. He settled for tea, ignoring the cake to chain-smoke Gauloises while relating his theory of exercise: "Don't. Starve and you'll stay thin." The Lennon family diet was macrobiotic, he said. The usual dinner was a specially prepared platter of sushi and sashimi delivered by a local Japanese restaurant—"but we're not above a bit of sugar on occasion, and I'll take the family out for a pizza. That's the American thing to do." John said he loved to make bread and missed cooking regularly as he had done when Sean was a baby ("I had to make sure he ate properly"). John's gracious, caring service of the tea and cake as Yoko labored for the Lennon enterprises in her office downstairs recalled the lyric on their latest album: "The Queen is in the counting

home/Counting out the money./The King is in the kitchen/Making bread and honey."

And then the Queen came home, ending a four-hour workday at noon. John remained the host of the occasion and treated her like a guest as well, fixing her tea, giving her a bit of cake, asking her how her day had gone. (It had started seven hours earlier, at 5 a.m., with her usual walk in Central Park—"when it's all mine.") Reaching out to take her hand, he said emphatically, "Everything I know Yoko taught me. She is my wife, my lover, my friend. People who are skeptical of our relationship are jealous." The role-reversal worked for both of them, she said: "John understands what women feel—he's allowed himself to open up



CULVER PICTURES

About the time he played a part in the 1966 movie *How I Won the War*, Lennon was becoming a politically active pacifist; he also admitted using LSD, saying, "I eat it all the time."



LONDON EXPRESS/PICTORIAL PARADE

Cynthia and John had been married five years when this '67 photo was taken in London. "We always knew the Beatles came first and wives second," she said.



©HENRY GROSSMAN

the sensitive side men are supposed to hide. I have learned that I have strength too, I can use my talents. Most important is that we both work for the family now, and our family is our priority."

Then Sean arrived and rushed straight for John's open arms, his cheeks flushed and his speech confused by the excitement of a visit to the Central Park Zoo with his nanny. My first attempts to talk to him got nowhere; he hid behind John. In time, though, I felt his hand on my knee, and then he climbed into my lap. Soon he was showing me some of his finger paintings, while John looked on proudly. Yoko was distant with Sean, cool as an awkward new father, but John talked baby talk, tickled him, threw him

Lionized in the music world, the Beatles also influenced fashion with the uniforms they wore in the jacket photo of their pivotal *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album in 1967.

in the air, slipped him between his knees and prompted him with spontaneous learning games—"How many fingers am I holding up? ... I'm thinking of something blue." There was no mistaking it: John was Sean's mommy. "Sean is my biggest pride, you see," he said. "And you're talking to a guy who was not interested in children at all before—they were just sort of things that were around, you know?"

Sean dragged me to his room. John came along. It was by far the most memorable room in the apartment. The size of a small warehouse, it featured a



LAZZARO FRANCHETTI/ALISON

Prompted by George Harrison's interest in Eastern religions and music, the Beatles studied the teachings of the Maharishi. In 1967 Lennon went to India to pray and strum with the guru.

huge trampoline, a set of monkey bars with a diving board over an enormous stuffed pillow, a dozen larger-than-life stuffed animals and the apartment's only visible source of music, a jukebox. (Sean's favorite selection is *Hound Dog*, one of the few playthings he does not have.) I wondered why Sean did not seem spoiled. He brought out a paper bird he had made and said he'd like to hang it over his bed. Then he made a face and said he wouldn't, though, because it might "make poo-poo on me at night." Sean giggled.

After dinner John gave his son a bath and read him to sleep, then got ready to go to the recording studio with Yoko

CONTINUED

In a now tragically ironic drawing for *The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics* in 1969, artist Michael Leonard envisioned what John, Ringo, Paul and George might look like at age 64.



COURTESY ROLLING STONE

Yoko, a Japanese-born artist seven years older than John, met him at an opening in London. They posed nude for the jacket of their first LP, *Two Virgins*, in 1968 and wed the next year.



CENTRAL PRESS/PICTORIAL PARADE

To raise funds for a British Black Muslim organization called Black House, John and Yoko were shorn in February 1970 in London and auctioned off their locks. In return, they got a pair of Muhammad Ali's boxing shorts.



BOB D'AMICO

When John and Yoko separated for 18 months beginning in 1973, John turned to his ex-secretary, May Pang. Here they relaxed in Palm Beach with John's son Julian, then 10.



to put some finishing touches on the album. We left together, and when we reached the first floor, he looked out the window and saw a crowd. "I've had enough of screaming fans," he said. "Let's try something." He led us through a door and down a creaky, dark, narrow staircase. Finally we found ourselves in the bowels of the Dakota, this grand and ancient building. We ducked under rusting pipes. "Ahh, we're safe," John sighed, but as we slipped out to the alley, girls appeared from nowhere to ask him when he would agree to a Beatles reunion. "When are you going back to high school?" he barked at them, then felt



RICHARD CORKERY/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Baby Sean, above with his nanny in 1976, is Yoko's second child. She had a daughter, Kyoko, now 17, by her first husband, film producer Anthony Cox. Yoko won a bitter custody fight in 1972, but her effort to find the child has been futile.



GENE SPATZ/STOMA

badly about it. "It's not that I don't like people," he explained. "I enjoy them. It's that it gets wearing. People don't realize they aren't the only ones who want something. The postman wants an autograph. The cabdriver wants a picture. The waitress wants a handshake. Everyone wants a piece of you. It's never-ending." He and Yoko got into their limo, which was idling in the enclosed courtyard. Then he was gone. □

CONTINUED



John gave Yoko's tummy a reassuring pat at a Broadway play in 1975. As he sang in their current album in the cut *Beautiful Boy*: "I can hardly wait to see you come of age."

Ordered deported by the Justice Department after a 1968 marijuana bust, John fought a long battle for permanent American resident status and won, fittingly, in July 1978.



In a bright world, seen to turn dark, Yoko and John stood for this portrait last month at a Manhattan art gallery.

Photograph by ©1980 Allan Tannenbaum

By day and night, the mourners kept vigil



To tape-recorded Beatles songs, the crowd at Lennon's apartment house spoke its sorrow with wreaths and tears.



BEN WEAVER/CAMERA 5

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BIO



To Traub's delight, even Snoopy helped out by going Chinese for a storewide promotion this fall.

AT YULETIME, OR ANYTIME, BLOOMINGDALE'S CHAIRMAN MARVIN TRAUB IS A MASTER OF SHOW AND SELL

Some of the exquisitely embroidered ceremonial robes from the imperial court of China date back centuries. Through revolution, governmental crisis, invasion and civil war, they were guarded as national treasures by Chinese regimes of every political persuasion. Then along came some smooth-talking Americans, and 20 of

the priceless robes were allowed to leave the walled confines of Peking's Forbidden City for the first time in history.

It was a cultural coup that any museum director would have blushed with pride over. Acting with understandable immodesty, Marvin Traub acknowledges his role as "prime mover" in the

negotiations. Traub, however, is no museum curator, despite his fondness for such institutions and his service on the advisory council of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. In this instance, the cautious Chinese elected to put their ancient glories on American display in, of all places, a department store—Bloomingdale's.

CONTINUED

where Traub, 55, is chairman of the board.

It is the sort of spectacular showmanship that has created the "Bloomie's" style and prompted *Vogue* editor-in-chief Grace Mirabella to call Traub "the Sol Hurok of retailing." Under his aggressive leadership, Bloomingdale's has become the trendiest (and shrewdest) merchandising operation in America—right down to its designer shopping bags. Jacqueline Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson and Betty Ford were White House customers who remain loyalists. Princess Yasmin Khan, Robert De Niro, Barbra Streisand, Faye Dunaway, Diana Ross and Jill Clayburgh are among the 1,200,000 holders of the Bloomingdale's charge card. During the American Bicentennial the store even had the audacity to invite Her Britannic Majesty Elizabeth II to drop in for a visit. She did.

"From time to time it's appropriate for us to do something that demonstrates that Bloomingdale's is more than just a store," Traub understates. In fact, his may be the only store anywhere that has something resembling an independent foreign policy. Before its current China tribute, Bloomingdale's block-long Manhattan flagship store and branch outlets (13 of them, stretching from Boston to Washington) were twice given over to promotions honoring entire countries—India in 1978 and Israel in 1979.

The China festival, which opened in September, is the most lavish, costing at least \$2.5 million (including 140 round-trip air fares). While the imperial robes and other museum pieces are for admiring only, Bloomingdale's stores were filled with \$14 million worth of Chinese-made or China-oriented goods, from ginger jars to jade pendants. "We estimate over 11 million people have visited our stores to see the promotion," Traub beams. Not so coincidentally, the publicity generated by the splashy China show carried over into the critically important Christmas shopping surge. Sales for the season so far are nine percent over last year's, and Traub expects they will go even higher. While New York stores are faring better than the nation's retail businesses as a whole, he predicts the rest will catch up by June.

Except for some brief early training with other retailers, Traub has spent his entire working life—30 years—at



A Chinese delegation headed by U.N. Ambassador Ling (third from left) gets a glimpse at a temple of consumerism.

With Marvin and Lee Traub in attendance, Betty Ford is assured of a perfect fit. Jackie O is also a Bloomie's regular.



Bloomingdale's, a major component in the nationwide Federated Department Store chain. (I. Magnin and Bullock's in California are also Federated stores, as are Filene's in Boston and Sanger-Harris in Dallas.) Traub actually began in the bargain basement and worked his way up. Today few retailers quarrel with the idea that it was he who made Bloomie's blossom.

The main store is not the biggest of its kind in the U.S. (that honor goes to Macy's, some 30 blocks away). It is, however, one of the most profitable department stores in the U.S., with sales per square foot in excess of \$450, an important indicator of retail earnings. "Despite Marvin's unabashed ego, he's a remarkable and creative merchant," says the *New York Times'* Carrie Donovan. "His stamp is on everything there." Adds Anne Rinehardt, onetime

advertising copy chief at the store: "Marvin Traub is Bloomingdale's."

A native New Yorker and an only child, Traub was born into the retail trade. His father, Sam, was vice-president of a corset company. His mother, Bea, was a supersaleswoman at Bonwit Teller, where she numbered Rose Kennedy, Marlene Dietrich and Mary Martin among her customers. Family friends included Stanley Marcus, Adam Gimbel and Tiffany's Walter Hoving; with all the shoptalk around the dinner table, young Marvin never seriously considered any other career.

Though his parents separated (but never divorced), Traub recalls a secure childhood. "We were well-off," he says. "I went to both public and private schools." In 1943, after completing his first year at Harvard, he was drafted and shipped overseas with the 95th In-

CONTINUED

HOW TO FOIL A CAR THIEF

A FEW SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS CAN REDUCE THE RISK OF THEFT

The numbers are staggering. Every 37 seconds or so a car is stolen somewhere in the U.S. That adds up to almost 800,000 cars a year. But you can do something to keep your car from becoming a statistic. Start by avoiding these four common parking mistakes.

The "Just for a Minute" Syndrome. When you leave your car, even if it's "just for a minute," lock all of the doors and take your keys. In fact, about one of every five cars stolen was left unattended with keys in the ignition. Keep driver's license and vehicle registration cards in your wallet or purse. If a car thief finds these documents in the vehicle's glove box, he can impersonate you if stopped by the police.

The Isolated Location. It's safest to park in a locked garage, but if you can't, don't leave your car in a dark, out-of-the-way spot. Instead, try to park on a busy, well-lighted street. Thieves shy away from tampering with a car if there's a high risk of being spotted.

The Display Case. There's nothing more inviting to a thief than expensive items lying in your car, in plain sight. If you lock these items in the trunk or glove box, there's less incentive for a thief to break in. Also, when you park in a commercial lot or garage, be cautious. Lock your valuables in the trunk, and leave only the ignition key with the attendant.

The Space at the End of the Block. In recent years, professional car-theft operations have become an increasing problem. Unlike amateurs, the professionals are not easily deterred. Cars parked at the end of a block are easy targets for the pro-

fessional thief with a tow truck. So, it's best to park in the middle of the block. Be sure to turn your steering wheel sharply to one side or the other. That will lock the steering column and prevent the car from being towed from the rear.

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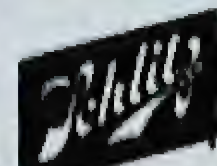
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BIO

fantry. It linked up with Patton's Third Army in the drive across France. In 1944 Pfc Traub was severely wounded, an enemy bullet destroying part of his right thighbone. He spent a full year of surgery and convalescence. "That was my low point," Traub remembers. "I was discharged with no motion in my leg, a brace up to my hip and one leg an inch and a half shorter than the other. There was real uncertainty whether I would walk without crutches again, but one month after I was out of bed I went back to school."

That wartime experience gave his life a sense of urgency that has never left. With physical therapy Traub overcame his handicap (he still must wear a built-up shoe) and crammed his remaining three years into 18 months, graduating magna cum laude. He also found time to help resurrect the Harvard campus newspaper, which had suspended publication during the war. "The *Crimson* had the largest profit in its history that year," says its onetime business manager. "We

even hired a full-time secretary."

Traub spent two years at the Harvard Business School, specializing in marketing. While there, in September 1948, he married Lee Laufer, a Smith College graduate. "Lee worked my way through the second year of business school," Traub says with obvious appreciation. "She worked as an accountant, cleaned the apartment at night, cooked and also helped me study for some of my courses." They still joke about some of the minor domestic mishaps—once she forgot to separate the colored things from the white in the wash and turned his underwear green.

Traub took a job with the Alexander's chain but within a year was lured to Bloomingdale's. Tabbed as a comer, he moved rapidly from one department to another. A vice-president at 35, he became president at 44 and two years ago was elected chairman at a salary of \$300,000.

Bloomingdale's razzle-dazzle image as a "never-ending party" (in one magazine's phrase) draws the most prized customer—the young and affluent. To the staff, however, what's never-ending, or so it seems, is pressure from chairman Traub. A tough boss, he calls meetings for 7:30 a.m. Fortunate is the executive who can leave before 8 in the evening. Grouses one of Traub's ex-managers: "He turns over people like he turns over the merchandise. He buys the best, gets the most he can from them, then buys someone new."

Traub is unrepentant. "I have high standards for myself and I have them for the store and the people I work

CONTINUED

Traub, a weekend lobster, played host to Bjorn Borg when the champ showed up at the store to promote a tennis line.



Calvin Klein (above) gives Traub and Bloomingdale's a major share of the credit for the current designer-fashion boom.

With the entire store closed off for the 1976 royal tour, Britain's Elizabeth II did Bloomingdale's in a whirlwind 25 minutes.



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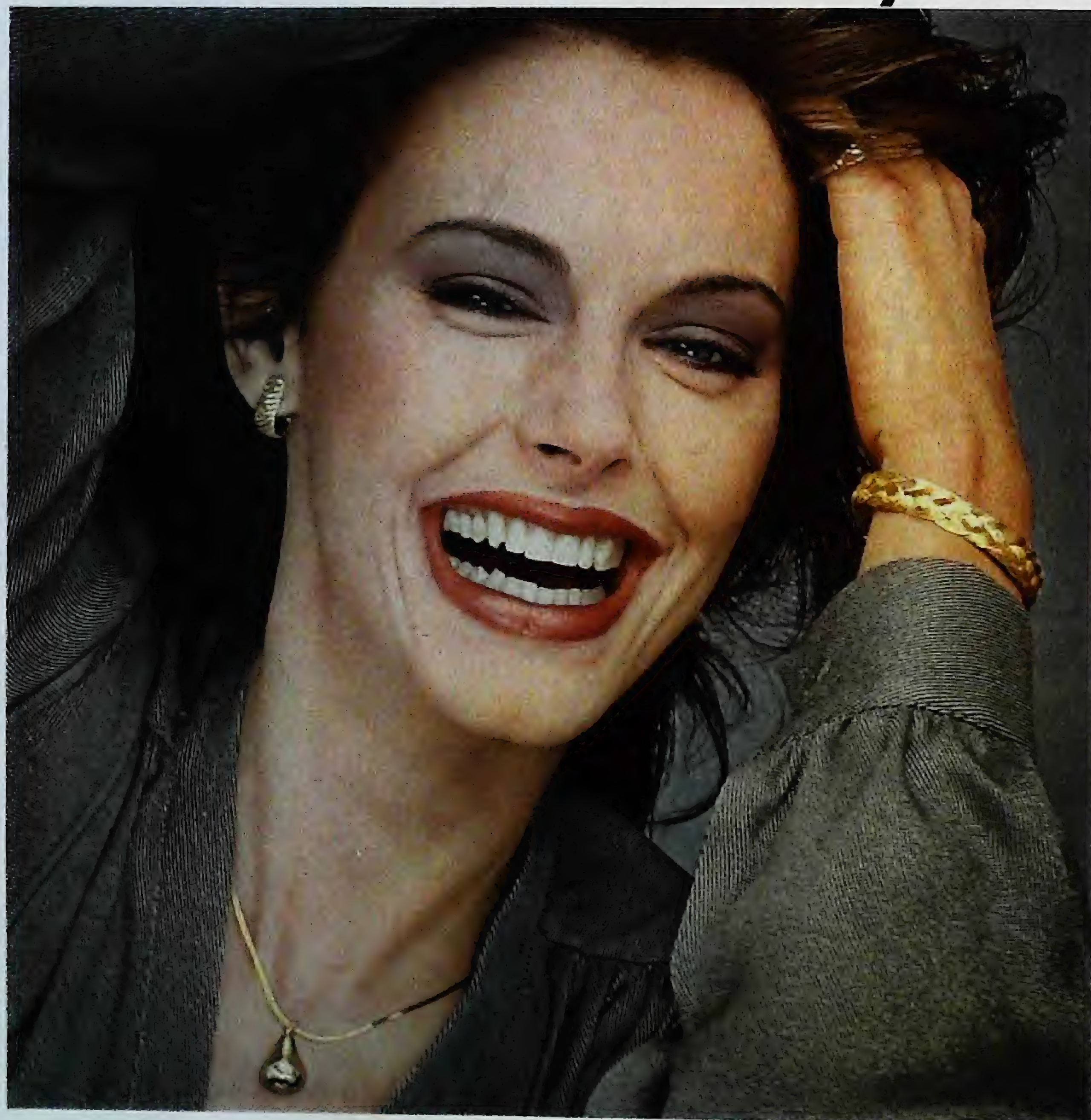
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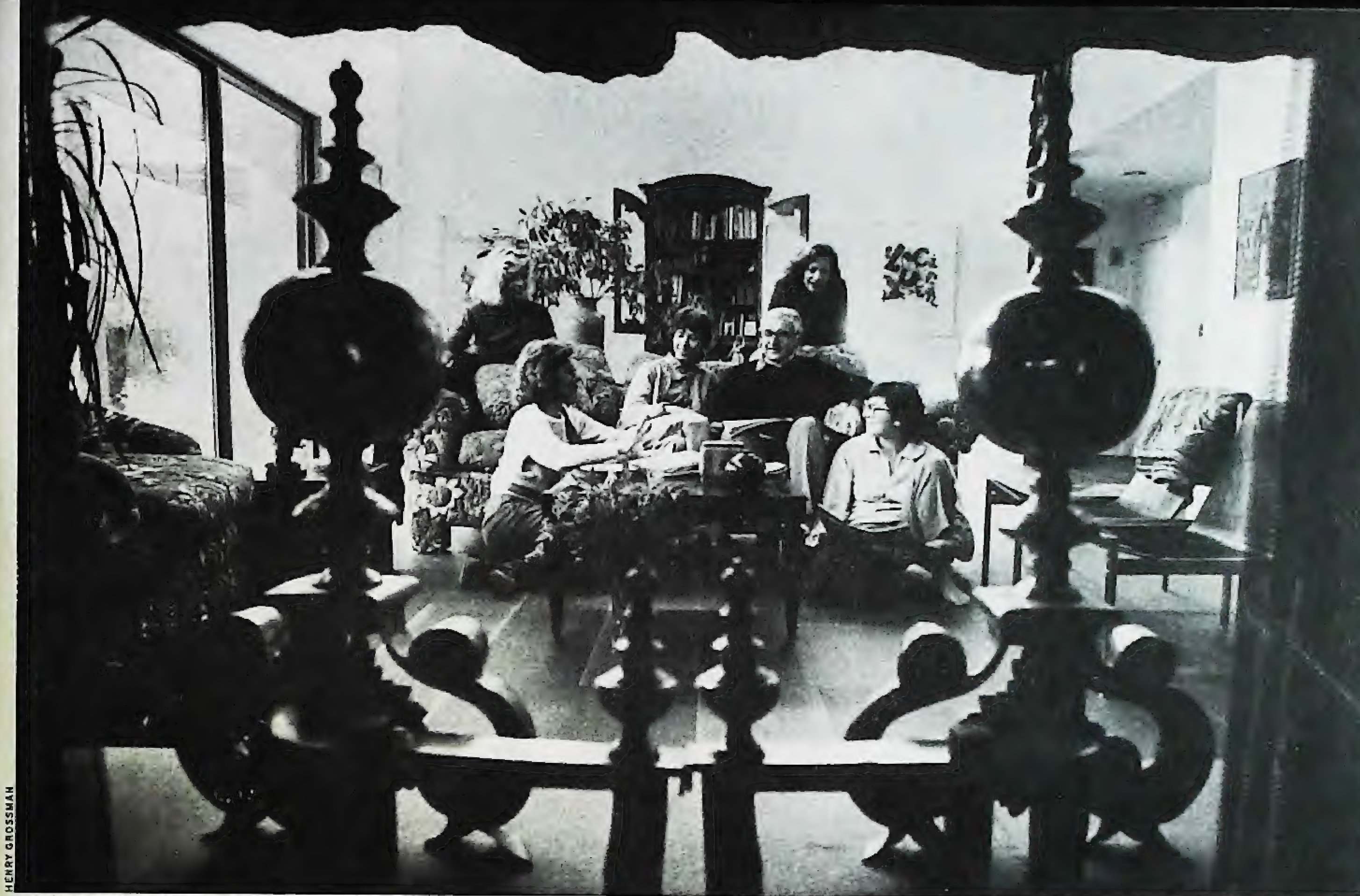
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HENRY GROSSMAN

BIO

Friends and family help housewarm the Traubs' Connecticut home—with furnishings from Bloomingdale's, of course.

with," he responds. "If you're going to do something well and if Bloomingdale's is going to be unique, it's going to take long hours. It would be marvelous to say that you can do it all from 9 to 5, five days a week, but in the real world that's hard to achieve." Adds his wife, Lee: "No matter what he does, whether it's running Bloomingdale's or having a dinner party, he's demanding. He has incredible, endless energy."

For employees, there are compensations—notably the chance to travel far and often. Traub's penchant for educating the public applies equally to his staff. "Between meetings and buying," says vice-president for marketing and public relations Joan Glynn, "he guides us through galleries, museums, cottage industries or anything else that strikes his fancy. He's enthusiastic about everything."

Years ago Marvin and Lee Traub vowed that their lives would not be one-dimensional, especially in raising their three children. "Lee was very insistent that, as busy as we were, we would spend two or three nights home each week as a family," Marvin says. "The children always waited up for me for dinner even if it was late, and each child came to the table with a topic to discuss. I also made a practice of a night out with each child every six

months. The child and I would do whatever he or she chose—theater, restaurant, just an evening together. I don't know whether it was good for them, but I loved it."

So did they, apparently. Today all of the Traub offspring are Harvard honor graduates like Dad and on their own. Andrew, 29, is married and working as a buyer at rival Macy's ("We don't believe in nepotism," his father smiles). James, 26, is a journalist currently at work on a book about India. Peggy, 22, was a June graduate and despite her father's disclaimer is working temporarily at a Bloomingdale's near Boston.

The senior Traubs recently sold their suburban Scarsdale home and built a new one in Greenwich, Conn. on six and a half acres. Marvin is a determined jogger and golfer; the entire family skis. He and Lee live weekdays in a 39th-floor apartment a short stroll from the store. The arrangement is handy because they rarely shop anywhere else; most of their groceries even come from Bloomingdale's gourmet food department.

Both Traubs are joiners, working for a long list of civic groups and projects. Lee, for example, is on the board of the Martha Graham dancers, with whom she once studied. "I think a busi-

nessman has an obligation to try to do something for the community as well as his own business," says Traub. The family has one inviolable rule, Lee, 54, explains: "Sunday is sacred—no appointments, no invitations." (She tells this story on herself: "A few years ago I said to Marvin, 'We go too much, do too much.' He said, 'You know, you should have married that dentist from Yonkers.' I never said another word.")

Marvin Traub concedes, "I'm not the kind of person who can sit by and just relax." Bloomingdale's sales are in excess of a half-billion dollars a year, but Traub isn't content. All of his branch stores are in the Northeast, and now his gaze is turning westward toward Chicago. "Over the next five or 10 years Bloomingdale's is going to become a national business," he promises. Meantime Traub's designers and buyers are already out scouring the world for another country to serve as centerpiece for a late-1981 promotion. Having already done India, Israel and China, what's next? Look out, Ireland, here they come.

SHIRLEY CLURMAN

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There'll be other times during the day when you'll want to help maintain the rich reservoir of fluids necessary for a younger look. Gentle on the light-textured fluid whenever your skin feels dry or tight and watch your thirsty skin drink it in. Many women find Oil of Olay ideal at bedtime too, to let their skin sleep in its own misty climate hour after hour. And remember, no greasy look or feel.

Now that the children are all in school, discover the secret of Oil of Olay for yourself and let it help you look younger for this important step in your life.

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- When you've discovered the secret of Oil of Olay, you won't want to be without it for a single moment. Tuck a bottle into your purse or tote bag to soften and smooth skin any time, anywhere.

STAR TRACKS

Those Yankee > Doodle Dandies

"This is all brand-new to me, but it's wonderful," said James Cagney, 81, accompanied by his wife, Frances, as he soaked up the applause at the third annual Kennedy Center Honors in Washington. Cagney, actress Lynn Fontanne, choreographer Agnes de Mille, composer Leonard Bernstein and soprano Leontyne Price received the Kennedy Center's prestigious lifetime achievement awards after a White House reception by President and Mrs. Carter. Lynn Fontanne (below, right), who had just turned 93, was "bedazzled" by the evening. Said President Carter of the British-born First Lady of the Stage, who made theater history with her late husband, Alfred Lunt: "She is the most significant American of all, because she came here as an immigrant. She and her husband created, individually and together, a legend."

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STAR TRACKS



LEIF SUTCHOWA/BOSSAN

Hope for Fred

Bob Hope, 77, and Fred MacMurray, 72, go way back—to the 1933 Broadway musical *Roberta*, in which Hope played a Joe College bandleader and MacMurray his sax player. So Fred and his wife, June Haver, turned out to tweak Ski Nose at the L.A. dinner honoring him as a Motion Picture Pioneer. But the MacMurrays took it on the chin, too, when Hope razed them publicly: "Such an attractive couple... they give us some idea of what Ken and Barbie will look like when they grow up."

Still dribbling

That's retired Boston Celtic star Bill Russell all right, but what's going on? He dunked a ball in paint and dribbled across a canvas stretched out on the floor of a Manhattan loft. For four hours Russell spread acrylics with his fancy footwork. "Dribble art" may not match Pollock's paintings, but Russell's reproductions will be sold to raise funds for the 1984 U.S. Olympic team.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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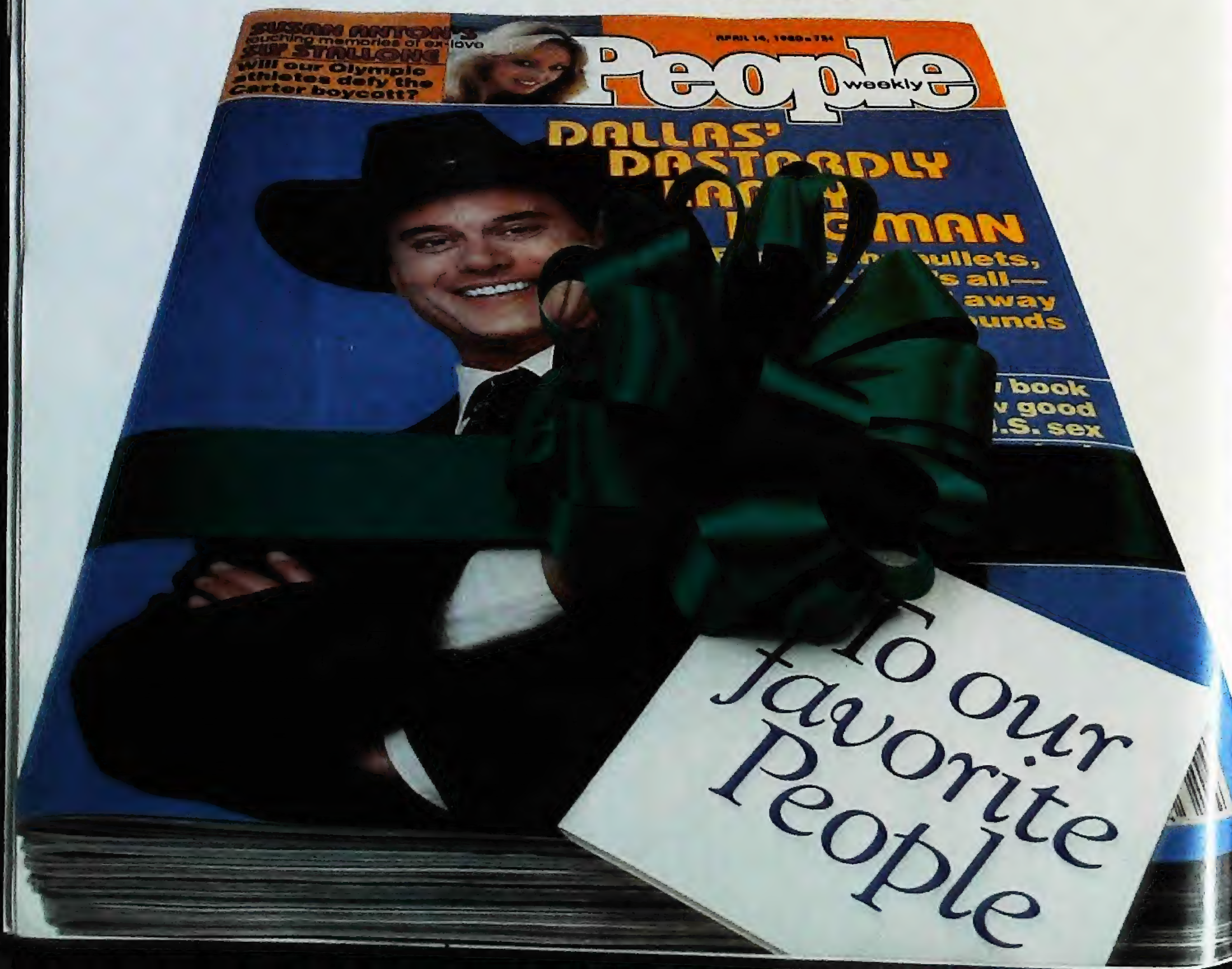
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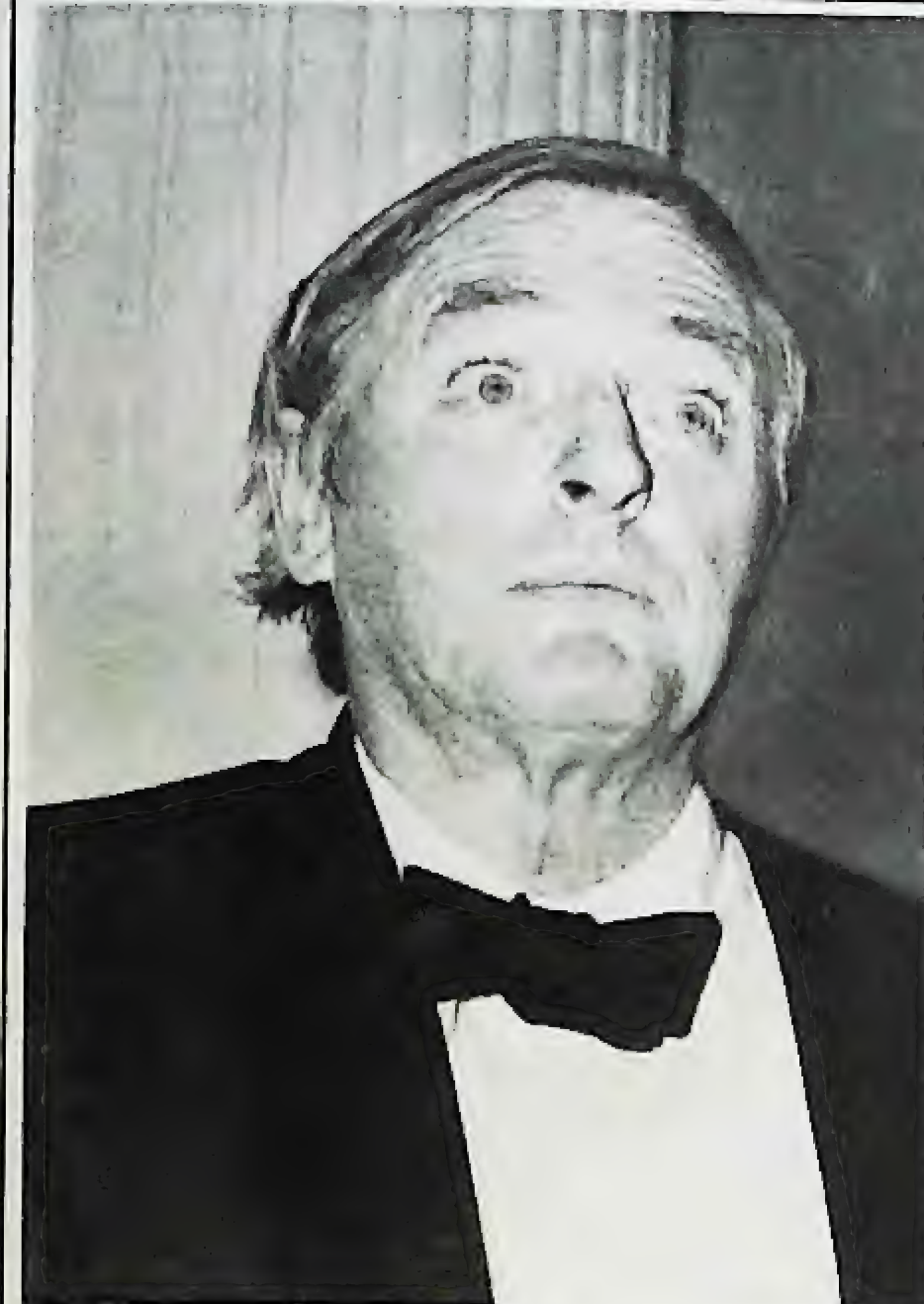
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STAR TRACKS



Bill Buckley's revel for right-thinkers ^

A scheduling mistake meant President-elect Reagan didn't show. But Henry Kissinger, Clare Boothe Luce and Wal-

Buckley Jr.'s 25th-birthday bash for the *National Review*, the conservative journal he founded at age 29. "Conserva-

arms by Pat Buckley (left). As for the host, columnist George F. Will dubbed him "the Pope of the Conservative

Quipped M. Stanton Evans, contributing editor: "I'd become Pope. Then I'd have to kiss his ring."



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able pair <

s of *Oklahoma!* and *Brigade*—reen successfully revived y, and choreographer ille, 71, is in the chips on circuit too. Four days be-s honored at the Kennedy e 49), de Mille accepted ku-lth British producer-er (*Marat/Sade*) Brook at club in Manhattan. Each re-100 and a Common Wealth stinguished Service. The stablished by the Bank of nder the terms of the will of

one of its directors. "In the past when bankers telephoned me," de Mille said, "it was always with disturbing news."



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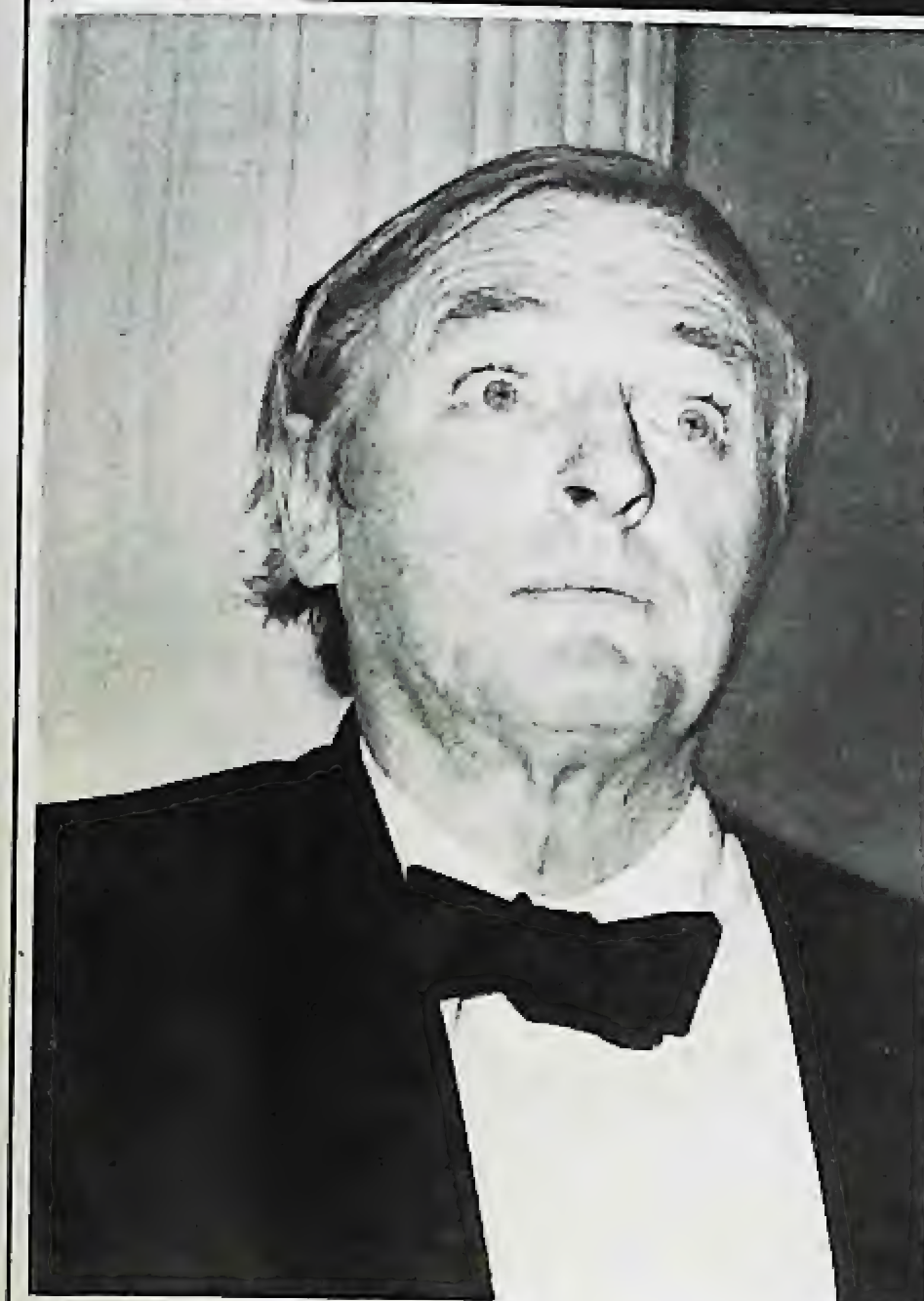
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Bill Buckley's revel for right-thinkers

A scheduling mistake meant President-elect Reagan didn't show. But Henry Kissinger, Clare Boothe Luce and Walter Cronkite were among 700 celebrants at the Manhattan party that author Tom Wolfe said was chockablock with the Right Stuff—William F.

Buckley Jr.'s 25th-birthday bash for the *National Review*, the conservative journal he founded at age 29. "Conservatives are not only in, they are fashionable," cooed gossip columnist Suzy Knickerbocker (a/k/a Aileen Mehle), who was welcomed with open

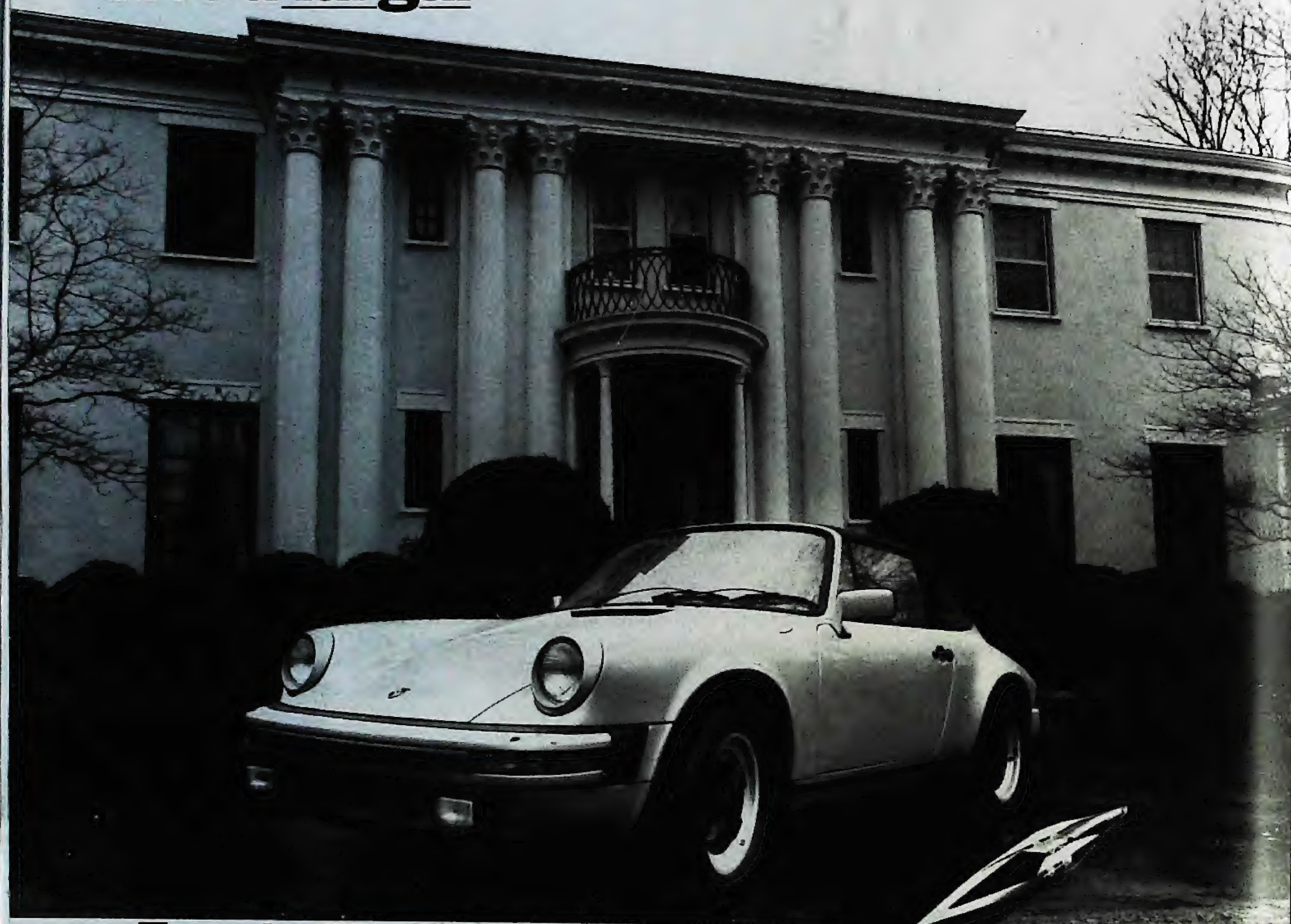
arms by Pat Buckley (left). As for the host, columnist George F. Will dubbed him "the Pope of the Conservative Movement." Quipped M. Stanton Evans, a *Review* contributing editor: "I wish Bill *would* become Pope. Then we'd only have to kiss his ring."



A bankable pair

Her stagings of *Oklahoma!* and *Brigadoon* have been successfully revived on Broadway, and choreographer Agnes de Mille, 71, is in the chips on the awards circuit too. Four days before she was honored at the Kennedy Center (page 49), de Mille accepted kudos along with British producer-director Peter (Marat/Sade) Brook at the Players club in Manhattan. Each received \$10,500 and a Common Wealth Award of Distinguished Service. The prize was established by the Bank of Delaware under the terms of the will of one of its directors. "In the past when bankers telephoned me," de Mille said, "it was always with disturbing news."

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ON THE **MOVE**



Replacing habitual truant Marilyn Monroe in 1955's *How to Be Very, Very Popular*, Sheree played a sex object with Betty Grable (above, left) and Robert Cummings. Currently she is Diana Canova's mentor in the ABC sitcom *I'm a Big Girl Now* (below), and a Malibu perennial (right).



**HER SEX-BOMB ROLES WERE ALWAYS
A THORN IN HER PRIDE, AND NOW
SHEREE NORTH GOES FOR THE ROSES**



There was a time when casting Sheree North as a brainy boss of a D.C. think tank would have seemed as unlikely as Bonzo's co-star winding up in the White House. For most of her 30-year career, the measurements cited about Sheree had nothing to do with her IQ: She was always being heralded as Hollywood's next Marilyn Monroe. This fall, however, as the liberated lady executive in ABC's new sitcom *I'm a Big Girl Now*, North may, at 47, finally, have outgrown her "dumb blonde" tape-casting. For Sheree, that's both a joy and justice. "Being a glamor girl is like being a freak," she reflects. "No one understands you can be hurt when you look as if you've got it all."

At present North is the closest she has ever been to getting it all. In the se-

CONTINUED

ries, she's more than holding her own with scene-stealing Danny Thomas and Diana (Soap) Canova, the daughter of Judy. Earlier this season North won some of her most respectful notices to date—ironically, as Monroe's tormented mother on ABC's *Marilyn: The Untold Story*. As one of the few people on-set who actually knew MM, Sheree coached the lead, Catherine Hicks.

"I was hired to replace Marilyn in *How to Be Very, Very Popular*," North recalls, "so I saw the way they made fun of her. Every single person used her." The identification with Monroe even involved their similarly notorious pasts. For North, that referred to her scantily clad appearances in some "home movies" that today would probably be rated PG. "Here we are," Monroe once sighed to North, when they were both being raked over. "Me with my lewd calendar pose and you with your lewd films."

They also had similar luck with men. Sheree's first marriage at 15, to a draftsman, lasted two years and produced daughter Dawn, now 31. Her second, to a writer some 16 years older than she was, crumbled in a year. And her third, to a clinical psychologist, ended in 1962 after five years, leaving

her with a second daughter, Erica, now 21. "I didn't know good from bad," Sheree admits. "I didn't pick them—they picked me. It was whatever fell into my life." She once blamed herself for the marital failures but now takes pride in how she brought up her children. "It was hard going to Brownie meetings as a single parent," she says. "But I've turned down everything that would take me away from the kids." That includes, she says, the lead four years ago in *Alice* that then went to Linda Lavin. "If you louse up the job as a mother, it doesn't matter what else you do great."

Sheree had remarkable role models, she says, in her mother and grandmother, who were also single parents. Her father split before she was born, and her mother worked as a real estate agent and pearl appraiser to support her three offspring. "As children, we all would string pearls and deliver them to the big stars of the time, like Mary Pickford and Walter Pidgeon," she remembers. At a precocious 11½, Sheree, a dancer since toddlerhood, lied about her age to become a chorine at an L.A. summer theater and then dropped out of high school by 15. She is proudest of her stage work, including an eye-popping dance on Broadway in 1953's *Hazel Flagg* and the role of the white woman

who kills a black in a 1965 L.A. production of LeRoi Jones' *Dutchman*. Sheree notes that the play was staged at about the time of the Watts riots and caused her to be boycotted in Hollywood for two years. Still, she has shot more than a dozen films, worked often in TV and co-starred in the 1975 series *Big Eddie* with Sheldon Leonard.

These days North shares her airy three-bedroom Malibu beach house with her daughter Erica, a UCLA dropout. (Dawn, who has two master's degrees, now studies jewelry design in L.A.) Basically, they live life in the slow lane. Sheree avoids parties, takes year-round "baptismal" dips in the Pacific and enjoys health food. Her present man is Phill Norman, 45, an award-winning film title designer (most recently for *Ordinary People*). "He's gentle, kind, supportive—and he listens," praises North. They keep separate homes, though, and she says she wouldn't marry again "unless it were something my children needed as a model." North seems to be one of Hollywood's rare sex symbols who grow saner as they get older. "I look at my friends, and it just seemed that by the time we hit 30," Sheree smiles, "we all got sense." SUE ELLEN JARES

North still goes to at least five hours of dance class a week, not counting improv goofing with daughter Erica.



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JOEL BRODSKY

Hits like *Light My Fire* and his vivid poetry made Jim Morrison a cult favorite well before his mysterious death in 1971.

Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix were among the most quintessentially explosive figures in rock history, and that was not all they had in common. They died within a year of each other a decade ago. Each was 27. Ironically, each has enjoyed a recent revival and perhaps even wider recognition than in life. But amid the justified new lionization, there has also been new exploitation and controversy. PEOPLE's Salley Rayl updates three rock legacies.

Jim Morrison: His lighted fire still burns

More than nine years after he was found dead of a heart attack in a Paris hotel bathtub on July 3, 1971, Jim Morrison is achieving the kind of commercial acceptance he spurned as the influential but self-destructive lead singer of the Doors. The group's backlist LPs are expected to sell more than a million this year. A remastered *Greatest Hits* package of Doors classics is currently bulleted on the charts. Director Francis Coppola reached back to the Doors' haunting *The End* as the theme song of his *Apocalypse Now*. Most surprising of all, perhaps, is the enormous success of Morrison's biography, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*. Co-written by rock hagiographer Jerry (Elvis) Hopkins and Morrison's former factotum Daniel Sugerman, the book had been rejected for five years before it was published this spring by

CONTINUED

A DECADE LATER, THE HEIRS OF JIM, JIMI AND JANIS REAP THE TROUBLED LEGACIES OF ROCK

SEQUEL



OSCAR WILDE MAGNUM

Morrison's grave in this Paris cemetery is defaced by the graffiti of his still ardent fans. Balzac and Oscar Wilde lie nearby.



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SEQUEL

Warner Books. It shot to No. 1 on the trade paperback lists, is in its seventh printing and has sold 230,000 copies.

Curiously, the prime benefactors of Morrison's estate include his parents, whom Jim did not see in the last seven years of his life; he once ordered his record company to say they were dead. Jim's father, Steve, a 60ish retired Navy rear admiral, has settled in San Diego. He and Jim's mother, Clara, share an estimated quarter-million dollars a year in royalties and earnings with Morrison's in-laws. They are Columbus "Corky" Courson, 62, a retired Orange County school principal, and his wife, Penny, parents and heirs of Jim's common-law wife, Pamela, who died of a heroin overdose in 1974.

Jim's parents, shunning public life and the media, leave it to the Coursons to manage artistic rights for the estate and to defend their son's reputation. Thus it's Corky who denounces the Hopkins-Sugerman collaboration as "a sensationalist document put out to make money. They missed Jim's tender, loving side." Whatever the book's literary merit ("I'm no Irving Stone," admits Sugerman), the co-authors defend their portrayal of Morrison as "a complex person—a friend, a poet, a writer, a drinker and a ladies' man." As Sugerman delicately puts it, "I wanted him to come out looking good, but he had no guilt and never compromised."

The volume is full of grist for the mythmaker mill, tracing the life of James Douglas Morrison from birth in Melbourne, Fla. on Dec. 8, 1943. After a nomadic military brathood, Jim began his transformation from an energetic UCLA film school graduate to an influential rock revolutionary calling himself the Lizard King. The Doors (so named from poet William Blake's phrase "the doors of perception") were punk prototypes whose offstage excesses and brilliant music combined to make them America's premier band of the late 1960s. The book also chronicles Morrison's turbulent courtship of Pamela Courson, his grim bouts with alcohol and the law (he was convicted of indecent exposure and open profanity onstage in Miami) and his mystery-shrouded final days in France. Morrison fans continue to insist that he has not died at all—even though the body was seen by Pamela, a few of Jim's close Paris friends and a medical examiner before it was interred



Morrison's common-law wife, Pamela Courson (with him here in 1969), outlived Jim by only three years.



Co-biographer Daniel Sugerman (second left) reaps Doors survivors John Densmore, Roy Manzarek and Robby Krieger.

in the famed Père Lachaise cemetery.

The surviving Doors—Ray Manzarek, now 41, Robby Krieger, 34, and John Densmore, 35—put out two more perfunctory albums before disbanding in 1974. They still receive some \$250,000 apiece annually from their Doors' work, and the take should double or triple this year. "People keep asking when the band that did the *Apocalypse Now* soundtrack is going to tour," Manzarek notes sardonically. Sugerman now manages Manzarek and with Hopkins is currently negotiating a movie deal based on the book.

Cars, meanwhile, still cruise L.A. with bumper stickers reading: ON THE EIGHTH DAY GOD CREATED THE DOORS. And Corky Courson, who has

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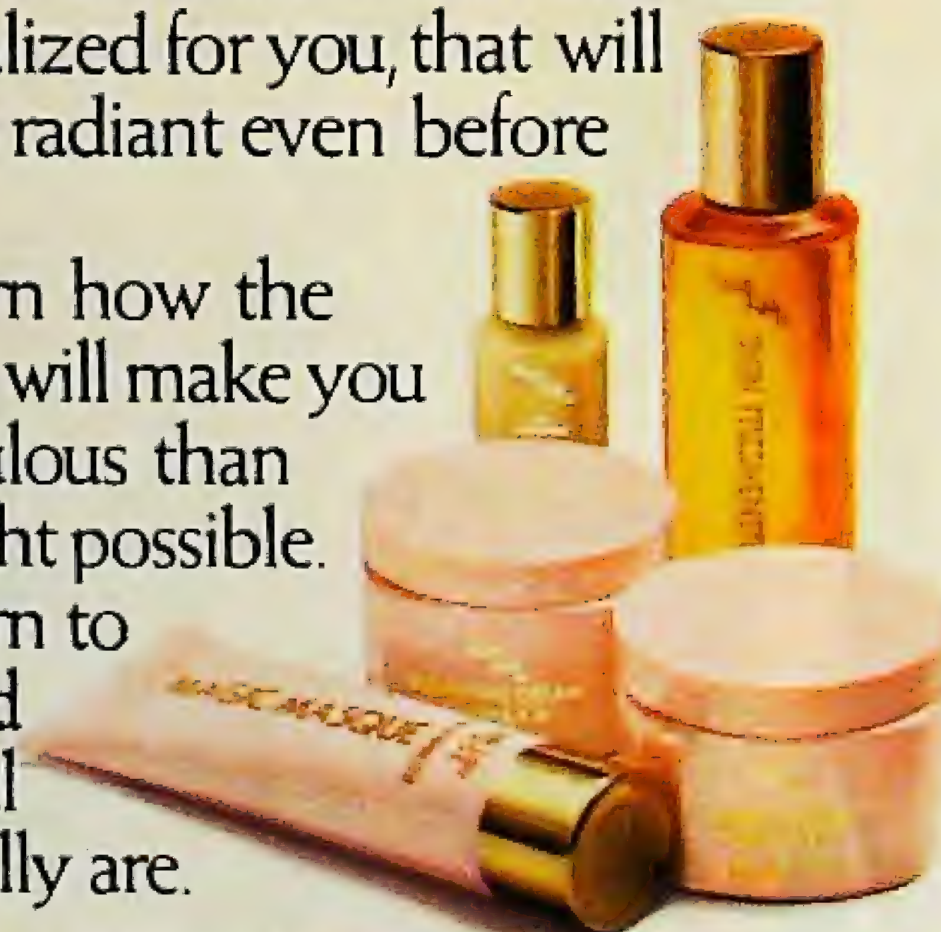
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SEQUEL

encouraged a reprinting of Morrison's book of poetry, is still troubled by telephone calls asking about Jim. "People don't want to let Jim die a natural death," Courson muses. "They just don't want to let him die."

Janis Joplin: The Pearl left her fortune tidy

Barely a few years before her death, Janis Joplin had fired off a gloating missive to a doctor who had predicted that she would never see her 24th birthday: "Look, I made it." But on October 4, 1970, just hours before she was to record a scorcher called *Buried Alive in the Blues*, she died alone in her room at L.A.'s Landmark Hotel of a heroin overdose.

Already the raspy-voiced outcast from Port Arthur, Texas has been the subject of two biographies, the thoughtful *Buried Alive*, by her publicist Myra Friedman, and the lurid *Going Down with Janis*, by Peggy Caserta (a self-proclaimed ex-lover) and Dan Knapp. There was also a film documentary, not to mention a Joplinesque melodrama, *The Rose*, starring Bette Midler. (Janis was known as the Pearl.)

Awash in feather boas, Southern Comfort and old hurts (she had been cruelly nominated "Ugliest Man on Campus" at the University of Texas), Janis belted out troubled tunes like *Piece of My Heart* and was rock's first and perhaps only queen. No less a modern contender than Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac calls Janis a pivotal influence and "the most charismatic woman singer I have ever seen."

Though she seemed out of control, there was also an ordered side to Joplin, a vestige of her oil engineer father and business college registrar mother. As Janis had requested, she was cremated, her ashes scattered from a plane over the coastline of California's Marin County. She had also earmarked \$2,500 for two memorial gatherings for her friends in New York and in California. Rights to royalties and her possessions were bequeathed in equal portions to her parents, Seth and Dorothy, and to younger siblings Michael and Laura.

Brother Michael, now 27, was in high school when Janis died and says he

took a half dozen years "to deal with it." While Joplin's death was assumed by some to be a suicide, Michael notes that the coroner judged it as accidental. "Suicide jibes with her image, but not with Janis. I can't imagine it was premeditated." He adds that her lawyer had just two days earlier given her a prenuptial contract so she could marry a young Berkeley student, Seth Morgan, son of a wealthy East Coast family.

Settling Joplin's estate has been similarly tidy. She had prepared a careful will and had lived to record only three studio albums and a modest stockpile of unreleased material. Her lawyer and friend, Robert Gordon, who handled the details, has never revealed the amount of money involved, though it was considerable. "My parents have totally stayed out of promoting the legend," says Michael. "They don't like the weirdos who are still attached to Janis."

Indeed, the whole family moved to Prescott, Ariz., where Michael opened up a glassblowing and crafts enterprise named Fantality (after Janis' own coinage combining fantasy and reality). Laura, 31, who has a Ph.D. in education and does learning research in Denver, and drives the restored '65 Porsche Janis had painted psychedelic. An attempt to turn their childhood home into a Janis Joplin museum failed, and it was later demolished by an operator who tried to sell souvenir bricks, as well as

brick chips encased in plastic lockets. Michael says that at first his financial inheritance may have slowed his creativity. "Struggling artists have always produced more," he says, a statement that could refer to his sister and her enduring impact. "Janis was a hell raiser," he reflects. "She did things that people feared doing themselves. She tore up ground right and left, and that's why she was idolized."

Jimi Hendrix: The Voodoo Child still wins polls

James Marshall Hendrix literally and figuratively set his guitars on fire, playing with an incandescent ferocity that welded his R&B roots to acid rock.

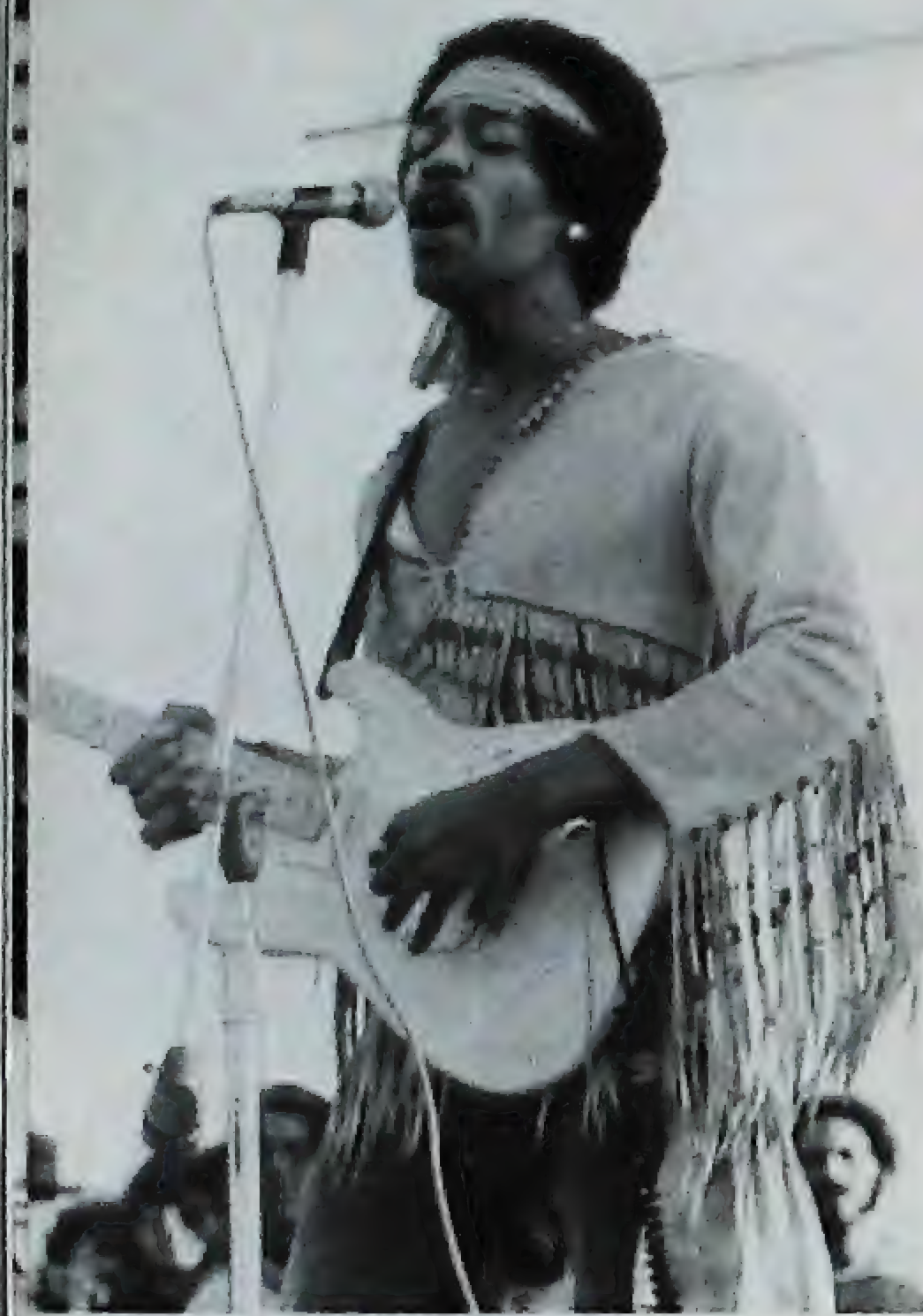
CONTINUED



Having outgrown Big Brother and the Holding Company, Joplin organized her own band. The last one was Full Tilt Boogie.



Like Janis, who was originally into painting, brother Michael is an artist. His musical tastes now run to New Wave.



SEQUEL

For three short years he reigned as one of rock's seminal stylists, creating classics like *Purple Haze*, *Foxy Lady* and *Voodoo Child*. Then, on September 18, 1970, he died, suffocating on his own vomit in a hotel room in London's Notting Hill Gate. (Traces of barbiturates were found.) Yet a decade later Hendrix remains eerily immortal. This year, for example, he won by a landslide the rock guitarist poll in *Musician* magazine. And this fall radio station KZOK in his native Seattle began a drive to rename a park for him and erect a statue. At least four documentaries have been made over the years, and two more movie projects are in the works.

Unlike Joplin and Morrison, Hendrix was an instrumentalist whose tireless performing and informal jamming produced enough material not only for 16 official LPs but additional tape for an

estimated 70 to 80 bootleg releases. So when Hendrix died intestate, predators and hangers-on moved in. Some of his early proceeds had disappeared allegedly in a shadowy Caribbean corporation even before he died, and the posthumous rip-offs included a memorial drive supposedly for the benefit of Hendrix's estate and black youths in Seattle. That's where Jimi at 15 formed his first band, the Rocking Kings, with a borrowed guitar. As Hendrix remarked ironically in 1969: "Once you are dead, you are made for life." He left an estimated \$21,000 in cash, plus copyrights, claims to royalties, reels of unreleased tape and his share of the Electric Lady Studios in New York. A Warner Brothers Records executive reports that Hendrix will sell gold once again this year, and that will generate probably another \$500,000.

His sole heir, his dad, Al Hendrix, ended up with one bass guitar, some personal effects and undisclosed annual amounts. (Jimi's mother, Lucille, died when he was 10.) The elder Hendrix, now in his 60s, sold rights to his son's later works for a lifetime annuity on the advice of L.A. lawyer Leo Branton. "Mr. Hendrix has done very well," says Branton, whose clients have included Nat King Cole and the Black Panther party. After open-heart surgery last year, Al, who had been a gardener, retired, but he is well enough to play frequent golf. (Jimi's younger brother, Leon, 30, who runs a courier service, had no claim to the estate.)

The Hendrix litigation hasn't all been financial. According to Branton, there were two paternity suits (Hendrix never married). Branton reports that the case of a Minnesota woman was dismissed because in New York, where she filed, paternity cannot be established after an alleged father's death. A Swedish judge, however, declared Jimi the father of a son, now 10, but the child was not awarded any support.

Brother Leon traces some of the labyrinthine complexities of the Hendrix legacy to their source. "People would rip him off right in front of his face, and when he'd find out he'd always forgive them," says Leon. "Jimi didn't want to think about business problems. He wanted to think about music." □

Visiting the grave in Greenwood Cemetery near Seattle, Jimi's dad, Al, recalls Jimi first picking up a ukelele at 11.



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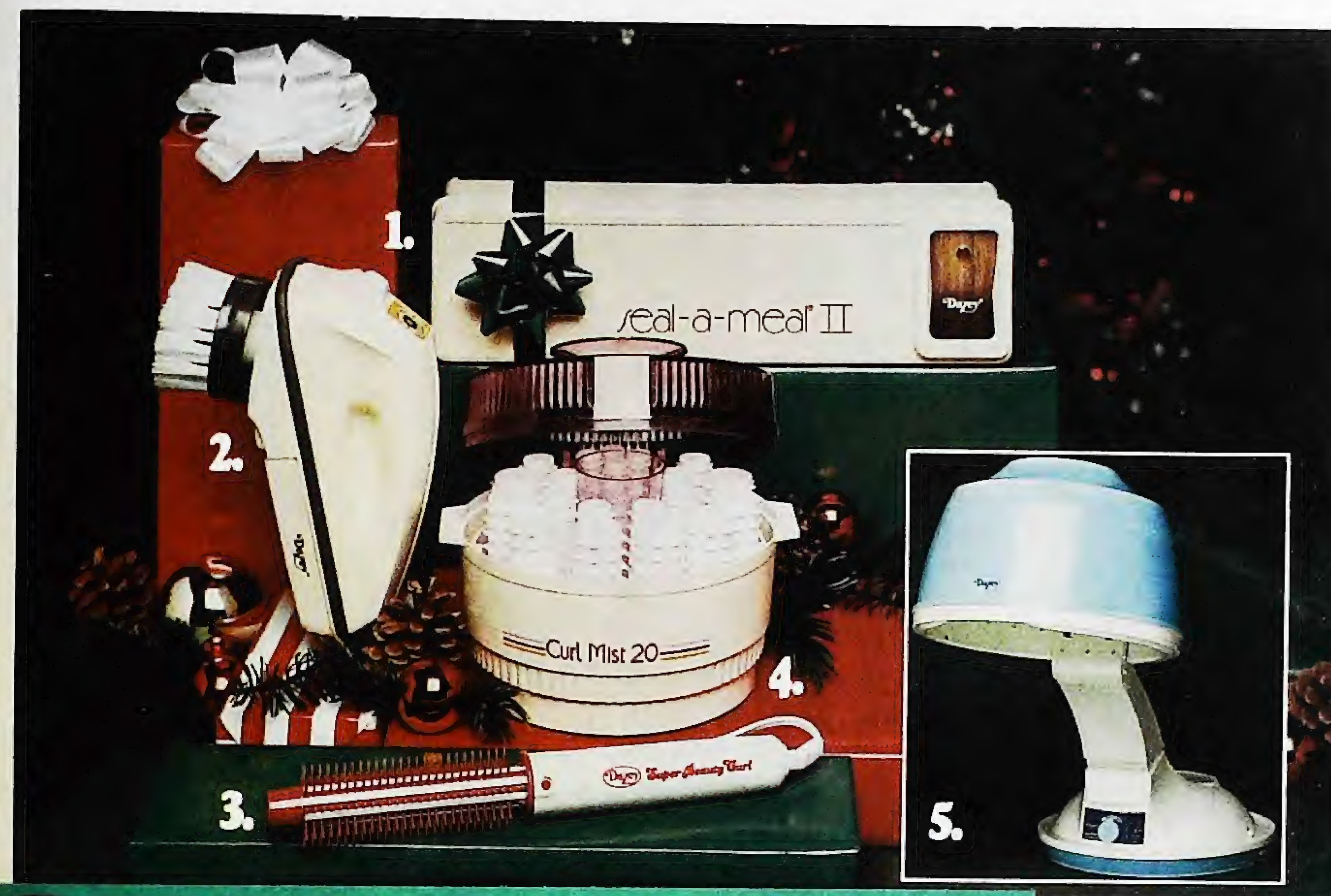
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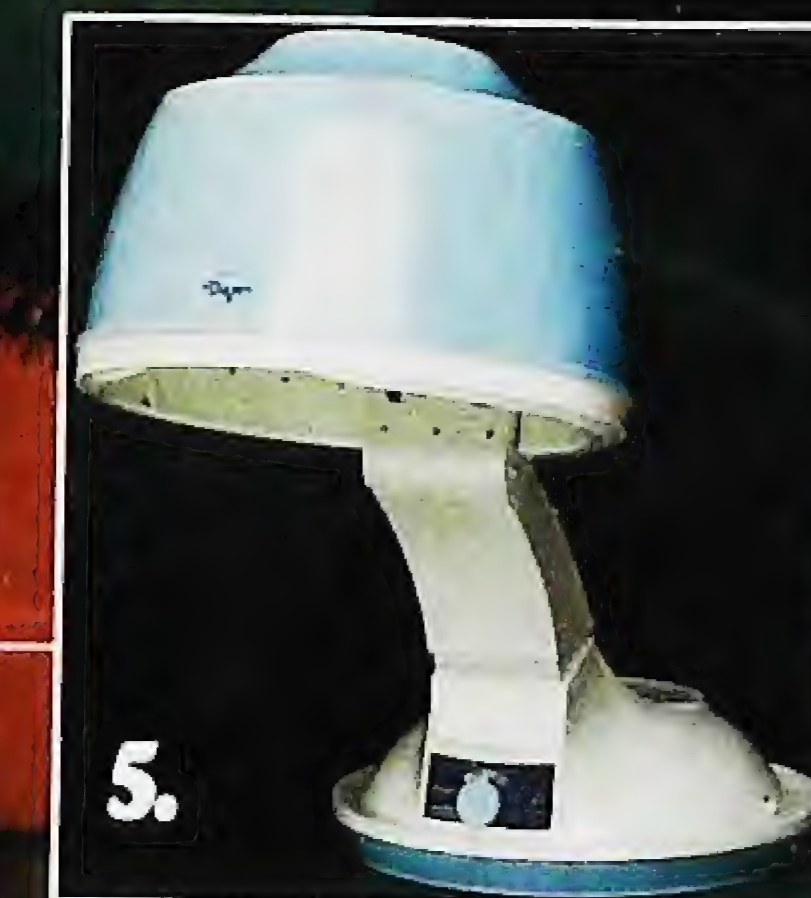
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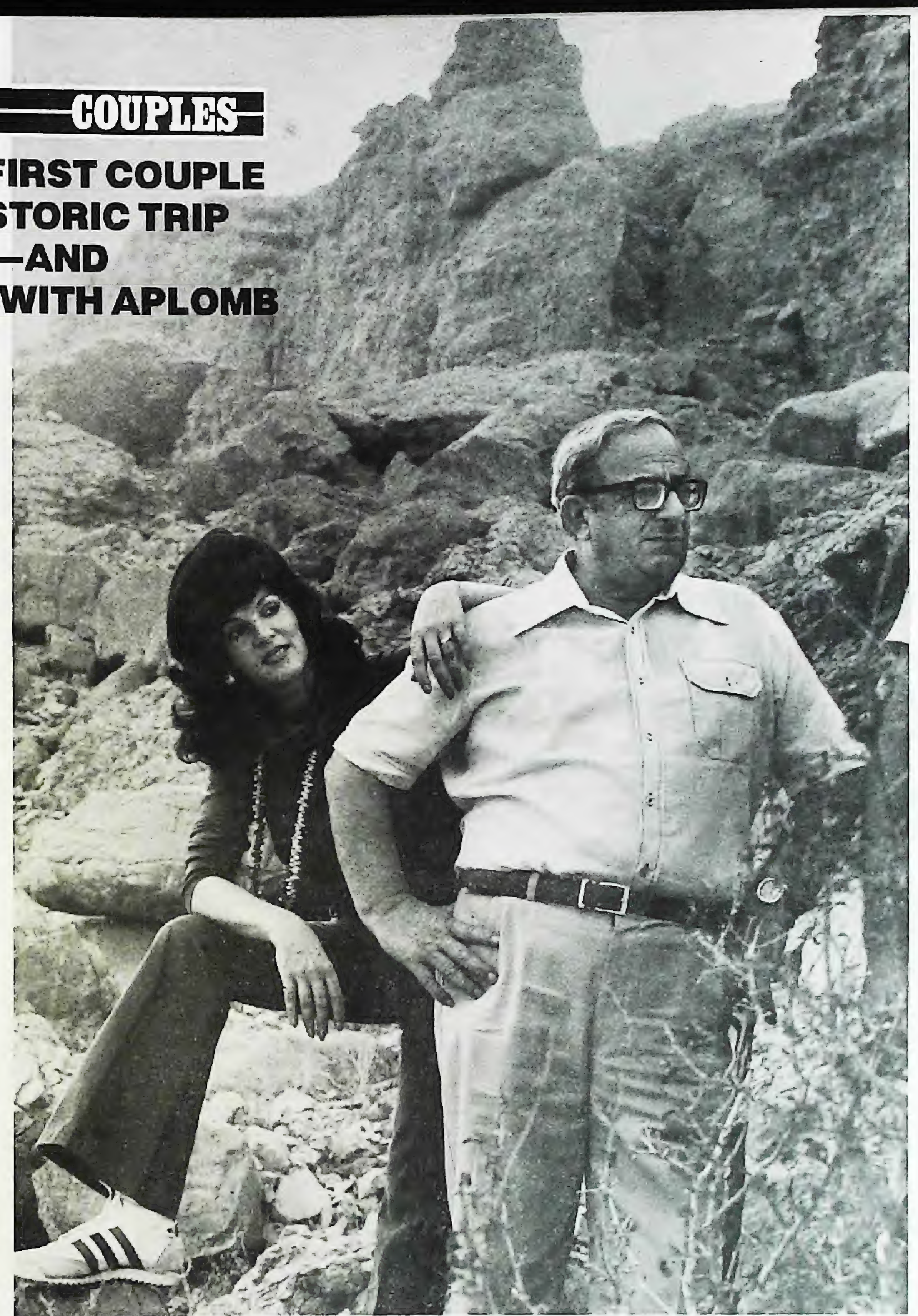
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COUPLES

ISRAEL'S FIRST COUPLE FACE A HISTORIC TRIP TO EGYPT—AND CANCER—WITH APLOMB

Yitzhak Navon is a pillar as Israel's president, but wife Ofira finds him handy too, during a hike in the Judean desert.



When Israeli President Yitzhak Navon and his wife, Ofira, arrived in Cairo in October, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat welcomed them with a 21-gun salute. Never before had an Israeli president made a state visit to an Arab country. And with the Egyptian-Israeli peace negotiations at a standstill, the Navons were reassuring proof that all had not gone wrong.

The First Couple turned their visit into a diplomatic triumph—but at considerable personal cost. The day before they left Jerusalem, Ofira, 44, had completed a year of chemotherapy for breast cancer. Though frail and wearing a wig to hide her loss of hair, she insisted on accompanying her husband every step of the way, from the mandatory visit to the Great Sphinx to

Photographs by David Rubinger

CONTINUED



At her home, Jihan Sadat (center) entertains Ofira and the wife of Egypt's minister of industry, Latifa Zaki.



During the state visit, Sadat took Navon to Mt Abu el Kom for a tour of the Egyptian president's birthplace.

COUPLES

a climb through the ancient tombs of the Valley of the Kings. She explained, "I wanted to add a little stone of my own to the pyramid of peace."

As a result of the Navons' trip, Egypt and Israel agreed to exchange more students and increase commercial flights, among other significant if symbolic moves. Though Israeli law grants the president little real power, Yitzhak, 59, has been much more than a figurehead since the Knesset elected him to a five-year term in April 1978. (For 10 years he had been political secretary to David Ben-Gurion, Israel's first prime minister. Later, as a member of the Knesset, Navon chaired the influential foreign affairs and defense committee.) "When I became president, I wasn't looking for trumpets, chauffeur-driven limousines and ceremonies," says Navon. Instead, he explains, "I wanted to give the people a feeling of belonging. Israel is a nation that came from 102 countries, a nation which spoke 81 languages. Whether the people came from Poland or Yemen, this is their land."

A recent poll shows that 93 percent of Navon's compatriots think he is doing a good job. Before becoming president, he gave up active membership in the out-of-power Labor party, but he is still viewed by Prime Minister Menachem Begin's Likud coalition as a meddler. He has been outspoken on such issues as the need for better living conditions for Israel's poor. "Sometimes I say things I shouldn't," concedes Navon. For instance he complained to Jimmy Carter in March 1979

that Israel was paying a higher price for peace than Egypt.

Hoping to get greater concessions from a more flexible Israeli leadership, Sadat has publicly courted the Labor party, which is now favored to win the 1981 elections. Undoubtedly, Sadat hoped a successful Navon visit would add luster to Begin's opposition. Navon, however, insists he has no intention of running for prime minister. Labor party leader Shimon Peres is one of his best friends and the likely candidate. Sadat nonetheless strongly endorsed Navon after their meeting. The Egyptian president declared: "Of all the world leaders I've met, there are two men of culture with whom I could spend days and nights: Helmut Schmidt of Germany and Israel's Yitzhak Navon."

Navon charmed Cairo with his speeches. At a state dinner, he cited seventh-century Arab poet Omar Ben Ma'adi Qarb and promised, "The people of Israel will nourish and protect the tender sapling of peace until it grows into a mighty tree with deep roots and spreading foliage." All this was spoken in mellifluous Arabic. (Sadat's wife, Jihan, remarked, "He sounds like my Arabic teacher in school.")

Ofira is both vocal and controversial as First Lady. A former beauty contest winner and an ex-army sergeant, she holds a master's degree in psychology. When Yitzhak became president, she had to give up her job as a psychologist treating deaf and crippled children. But Ofira still heads the foundation she started in 1978 to provide education for gifted and underprivileged students. She also makes a half-dozen speeches a month, usually writing them in bed at night, using a pen topped with a miniature flashlight so as not to disturb her sleeping husband.

Her most provocative crusade came in August 1979 when a breast tumor was discovered. (A year earlier a malignant growth had been removed from under her eye.) Before the operation Ofira refused to sign a statement allowing the doctors to perform a mastectomy if the biopsy proved positive. "There are so many types of malignancies," she explains, "and there are other remedies for quite a few of them, if caught early. It takes four days to do a thorough biopsy. I felt the doctors had to give themselves and me the chance and not just cut haphazardly when I was asleep." In her case, doctors prescribed radioactive needle implants at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston plus chemotherapy, which made her black hair fall out. "I don't mind wearing a wig," she says. "After all, what is hair in comparison to life?"

Her case prompted Israel's Ministry of Health to rule that mastectomies cannot be performed without the written approval of two pathologists. As for herself, Ofira is resigned: "Ever since my father died, at 41, of cancer, when I was 8 years old, I've known that I would die of cancer too." At 27, when she married Yitzhak, she warned him, "You will be a young widower."

The Navons met through mutual friends in late 1961. They married in 1963, with every leading politician in Israel attending the ceremony. Many thought the marriage wouldn't last because of differences in their heritage and temperaments. Yitzhak's paternal ancestors came from Turkey; his maternal grandfather lived in Morocco until, in a dream, the Prophet Elijah told him to take his family to the Holy Land.

CONTINUED



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The Navons light a candle on the eve of Hanukkah, with their daughter, Naama, 8, and son, Erez, 6.

"You can live with troubles if you find the good parts in life," says Ofira, who treasures moments at home with Yitzhak.



COUPLES

Ofira's parents were born in czarist Russia. Yet Ofira says, "Yitzhak and I have much in common." Both are Israeli-born—she in Tel Aviv, he in Jerusalem. Both graduated from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, but Ofira won a scholarship allowing her to study in the U.S. at the University of Georgia. She did advanced work in psychology at Columbia University. "We were both brought up on the love of country and the land," Ofira says. "We went to the same youth movements, sang the same songs."

Domestically they don't always agree; their tastes in food are one example. "I'm not much of a cook," she says, "but he likes my mother's recipe for chicken soup." Ofira dresses fashionably, in bright colors and bold designs, many by the Israeli Halston, Gideon Oberson. She shrugs off needling from her husband and the press that she is too flamboyant.

For eight years the couple tried to have children. Finally they adopted a baby girl, Naama, now 8. Soon after, Ofira became pregnant with son Erez (her maiden name), now 6. "When one has cancer," she says, "the only thing that matters is getting up every morning and seeing one's children."

At home in the 10-room, marble-floored presidential mansion, Yitzhak and Ofira strive to give their children a normal family life. The children are allowed to bound into their father's office at any moment. Visitors, no matter how distinguished, are introduced to the children simply as "Jimmy Carter" or "Henry Kissinger." For security reasons, Ofira picks up the children after school in a chauffeured limousine. "Other kids just run to friends' houses and chase up the stairs," Ofira says. "Here every 'spontaneous meeting' calls for endless arrangements."

Leading normal lives in the face of cancer is difficult, too, Ofira admits. Yitzhak himself won't discuss her illness publicly. Meanwhile, the Navons do not stint on their social duties; Ofira takes days to plan obligatory dinner parties.

They would prefer to spend their time with old friends like Peres and Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek. Says Ofira, "When you look death in the eyes, you rediscover all your old values. Suddenly you know what is important and who really is your true friend."

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WINNERS

AN ARGENTINE ARTIST ACCEPTS THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE ON BEHALF OF 'THE POOREST OF THE POOR'

My first reaction was surprise," recalls Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, 48, of the moment he learned he had won the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize. "Why should I be chosen? There are others who have achieved more than I. After some reflection, I realized that this distinction is an obligation, that I have been asked to accept this award on behalf of the poorest of the poor."

Modesty is characteristic of the artist from Buenos Aires who, after receiving the honor in Oslo, was scheduled this week to confer with Pope John Paul II at the Vatican. For six years Pérez Esquivel has headed the Peace and Justice Service in Argentina, a group dedicated to nonviolent struggle for human rights in Latin America. Though the natural focus of his work is Argentina—where he estimates that up to 20,000 people have disappeared in a round-up by the state police—Pérez Esquivel has broadened his campaign against oppression from Latin America to the world. In April 1977 he was himself arrested and for the next 14 months, without trial, was imprisoned and tortured. Yet he says he harbors no bitterness toward his jailers. Citing Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King among his most important influences, Pérez Esquivel declares: "It is better to be a victim than to kill others."

He has long since given up his professorship of applied art at La Plata University of Buenos Aires, as well as his work as a sculptor, to galvanize public opinion on issues like banning arms sales to totalitarian regimes. (His wife Amanda quit her career as a musician and composer to raise their three sons, now grown. Esquivel's only artistic work-in-progress could well be interpreted by leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Argentina as a plea for their support: It is a large oil canvas of Christ clad in the poncho worn by the Latin American poor. A devout Catholic himself, Pérez Esquivel says his agenda is simple: "As a Christian, I am for freedom and justice and against suppression and suffering. We shall continue to work as before, trying to extend our movement." He is an idealist with few illusions. "We cannot do what we would like to do," he admits, "but we do what we can." □

Photograph by Diego Goldberg/Sygma



Adolfo Pérez Esquivel (outside a Buenos Aires church) says he'll donate the \$220,000 award to the human rights cause.

THE USUALLY PACIFIC PALISADES TURNS OUT IN FORCE TO SALUTE ITS NEIGHBOR, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

We're the last really hometown area in Los Angeles," boasts the mayor of Pacific Palisades (pop. 32,000). Ah, but what a hometown. That's Hizzoner in the picture front and center—yes, it's actor Bert Convy. And his "hometown" is a place where the average house fetches \$350,000 and where the milk route includes Hal Holbrook, Dorothy Hamill, Lawrence

Welk, Bobby Vinton—and, not incidentally, Ronald Reagan. Residents insist his election hasn't turned any heads in town ("We're used to having famous people around," says ex-Mayor Walter Matthau), but some 2,000 of them turned out for this PEOPLE photographic salute. Explained one: "There are thousands of actors, but only one President." □

HAPPY



The loyal townsfolk of Pacific Palisades jam main street, which happens to be called Sunset Boulevard, to hail their local boy made good. They are, from left... oh, never mind.

Photograph by Mark Sennet/Camera 5



SPIRIT

"Lots more like Allie need homes," says Clements. He expects a family from Holy Angels to take the 16-month-old orphan.

CHICAGO'S ACTIVIST PRIEST, FATHER GEORGE CLEMENTS, SEEKS A NEW TITLE: DAD

After the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., Father George Clements moved a statue of St. Anthony and set up an altar honoring the late black leader in his Chicago parish. The Catholic archdiocese indicated disapproval, but Clements refused to reconsider. "*Acclamatio populorum*—the people acclaim a saint," he declared, adding, "If the cardinal wants it down, he'll have to take it down himself." The Martin Luther King altar still stands defiantly in Holy Angels, and so does its activist

priest. Clements, 48, has now found a new cause and controversy. When his campaign to find adoptive homes for black orphans seemed on the point of failure, he decided to dramatize the issue. "All right," he brusquely told a gathering of his parishioners, "if nobody else wants to adopt kids, I will."

Chicago's archbishop, John Cardinal Cody, has yet to rule on Clements' decision to adopt a child. But a diocesan spokesman, while praising Clements' "socially valuable role" in galvanizing

the community, wondered if a priest is "in the best position to meet the personal and financial obligations of rearing a child today."

Father Clements sees no problem, though on a \$640-a-month salary, finances would be tight. "I shined shoes and washed cars as a kid," he recalls, "and my kid would have to work too." With six priests in residence and 1,300 students at Holy Angels' School next door, he doubts he would lack for help or babysitters. "If anything, I'm

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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PEOPLE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by circling

TUCKER, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.

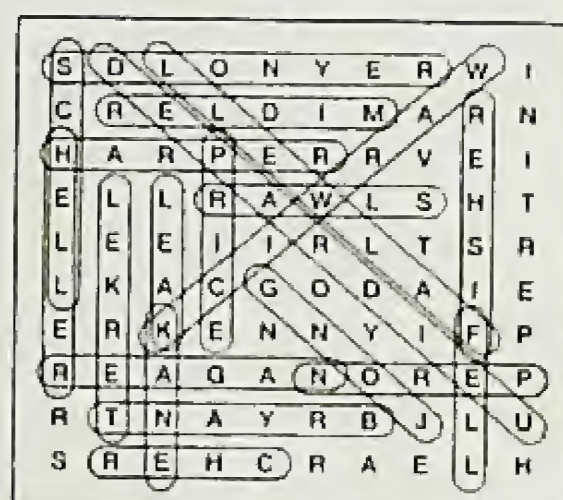
Clues

- 1 Rhinestone cowboy's gal
- 2 Peacock pretender
- 3 Nobel poet
- 4 The Key to a best-seller
- 5 Boston maestro
- 6 Gray panther of the House
- 7 Comic divorcé
- 8 Conservative N.C. senator
- 9 Syrian sword rattler
- 10 Commercialized ex-Jet
- 11 Starter of star wars
- 12 Musician for chameleons
- 13 Marisa's sis
- 14 Stunt man's director
- 15 Mississippi storyteller
- 16 The skywalker
- 17 Grand lady of jazz
- 18 Spurned by Sophia
- 19 Palatial building tycoon
- 20 Just married to Malle

S	I	W	E	L	O	O	T	O	D
Y	E	L	S	M	L	E	H	L	B
A	R	E	K	C	U	T	A	E	D
T	E	G	A	C	A	R	R	L	A
T	P	R	W	M	E	E	P	L	S
E	P	A	A	G	N	S	M	I	S
L	E	N	Z	S	O	L	I	M	A
L	P	T	O	E	T	O	P	A	C
O	I	N	E	G	R	E	B	H	U
F	L	O	W	E	L	T	Y	S	L

Answers to Dec. 15 Puzzle

- 1 Bette **Midler** 2 Leontyne
- Price** 3. Gerard **Depardieu**
- 4 Carrie **Fisher** 5 Studs **Terkel**
- 6 Burt **Reynolds** 7. Carol **Kane**
- 8 Erica **Jong** 9. Lou **Rawls**
10. Jerry **Falwell** 11 "Bear"
- Bryant** 12. Valerie **Harper**
13. Isabella **Peron** 14. Joseph
- Heller** 15. Maximilian **Schell**
- 16 Norman **Fell** 17. Ron
- Reagan** 18. Pauline **Kael**
- 19 Dionne **Warwick** 20. **Cher**



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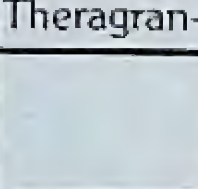
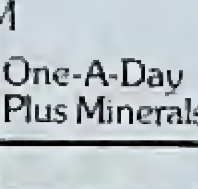
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PARKE-DAVIS

overqualified to be a father," Clements adds, pointing out that he grew up one of six children (of a Chicago city auditor) and in addition helped his mother raise a set of three nephews.

A serious child, Clements entered a junior seminary at 13, switched to St. Mary of the Lake in Mundelein, Ill. and became a priest in 1957. Radicalized by King's death, Clements went on to be co-founder of the Afro-American Patrolman's League ("When the bullets start whizzing, I'd like to think the cops are on our side") and served simultaneously as chaplain to Chicago's Black Panthers. When the city stained the Chicago River green for St. Patrick's Day, Clements responded by dyeing a nearby lagoon black. A sign in his office reads: "Integration is a bitch."

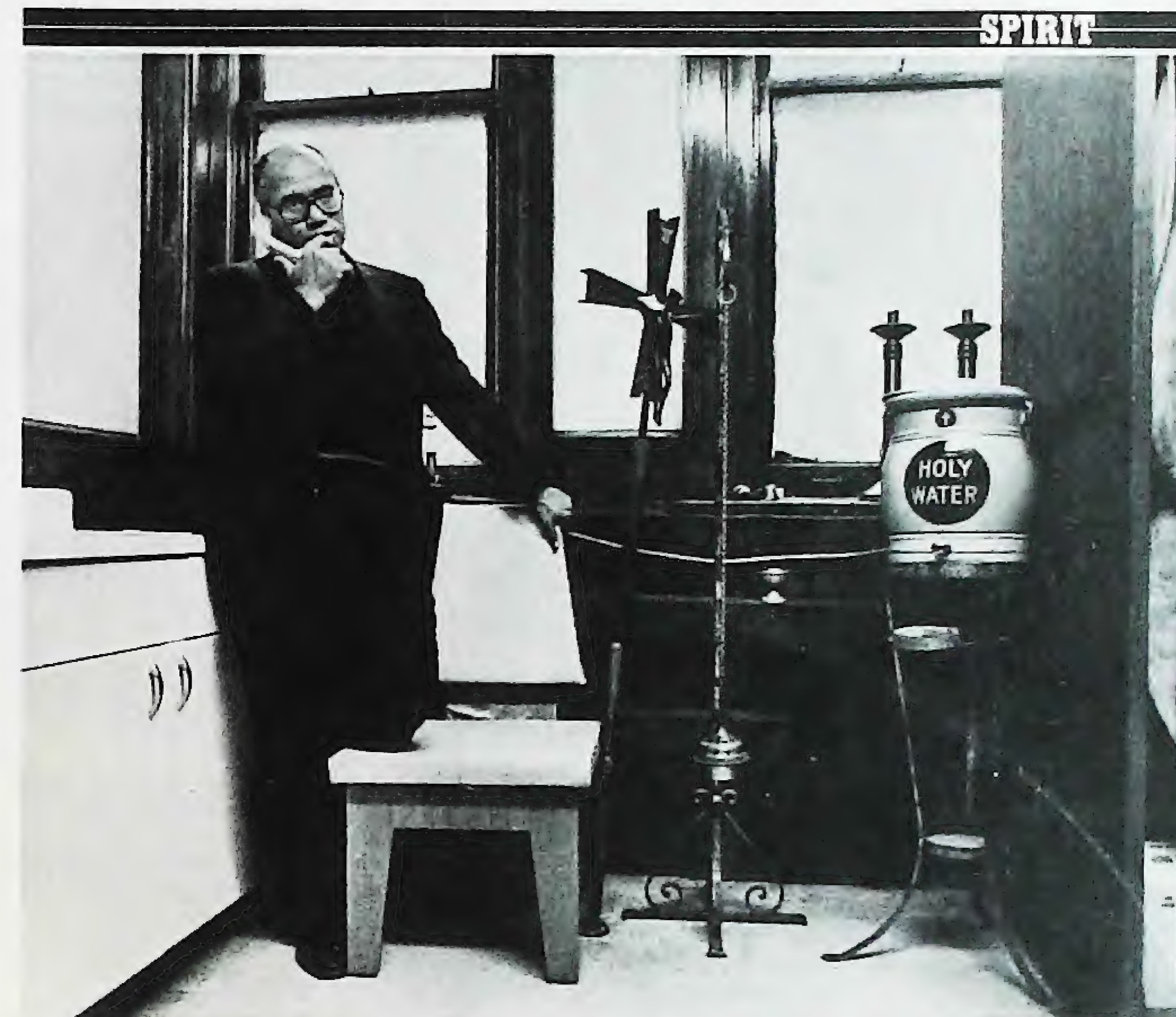
Still, Clements believes that blacks have no choice but to stay in the system. "We bear down hard on our students at Holy Angels' School," he explains, "because we have to give them the best preparation to deal with the white world." Surprisingly, perhaps, Clements is not alarmed by the nation's swing to the right in the last election. "I don't think we [blacks] would have generated such hostility if we had taken better care of each other," he observes. "It may be very difficult for us in the short run to have government programs taken away, but in the long run it may be a blessing."

His present crusade for the adoption of black children—authorities estimate that nearly 40 percent of the 125,000 adoptable children in the U.S. are non-white—is a challenge for his people. "Unless we face it, we'll have to hang our heads in shame for generations."

As for his own personal effort, Clements would not be the first Roman Catholic priest to adopt a child; there are precedents, including the Rev. Peter Kolton of San Antonio. Clements himself unofficially "adopted" a teenage son, now 21, who lived at the rectory for nearly five years. "If I have learned anything from all this," Clements concludes, "it's that I should have done it long ago."

Actual adoption will take from six weeks to six months, and although the state adoption agency has yet to match him with a child, Clements hopes it will be a son. "I don't know whether I'll be any good at flying kites or shooting marbles," he says. "But to me, happiness is belonging, knowing you have someplace where there's total love and comfort and warmth. I know I can provide that."

LINDA WITT

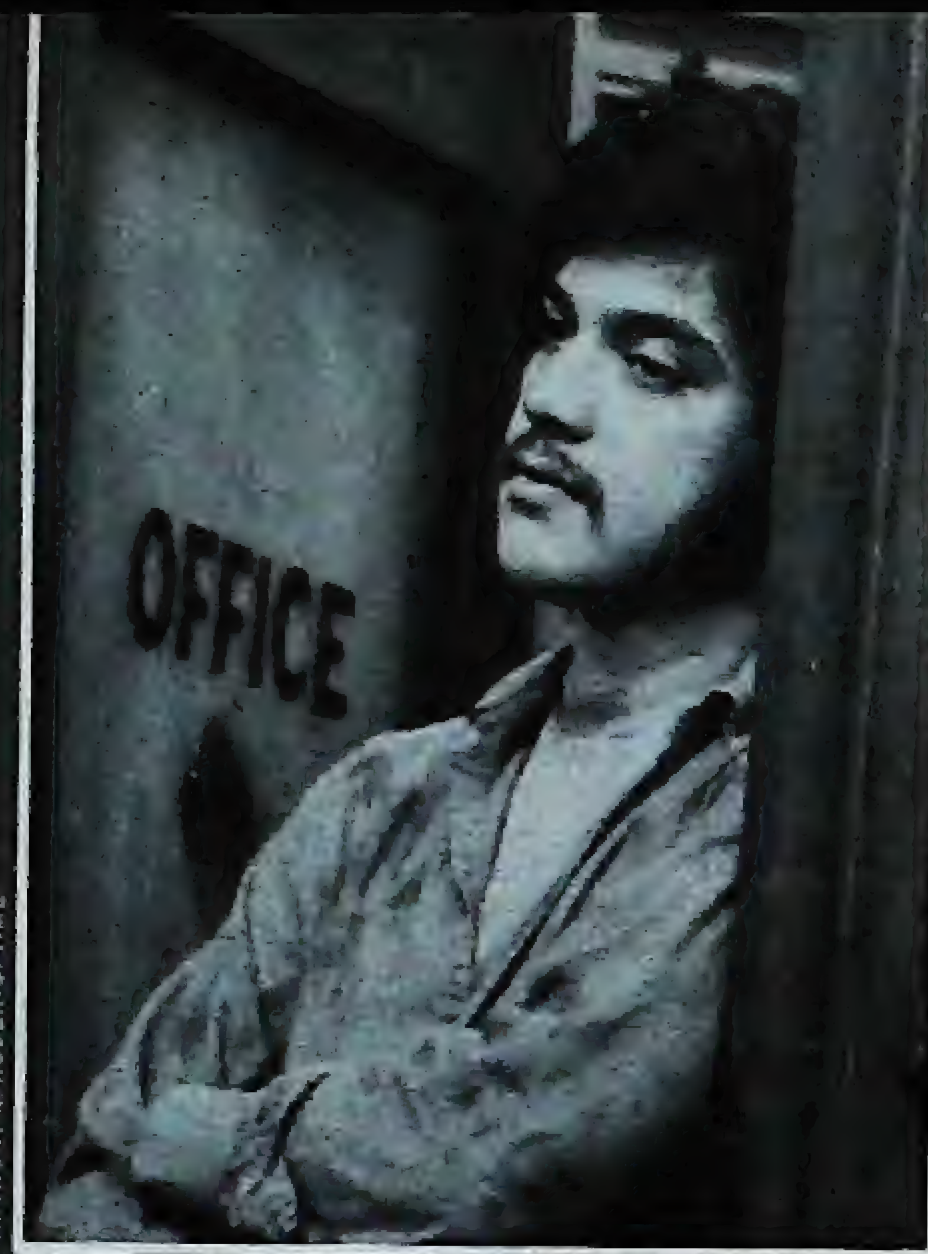


Clements (here in his sacristy) says if the archbishop forbids him to adopt, "I won't make a dogfight out of it."

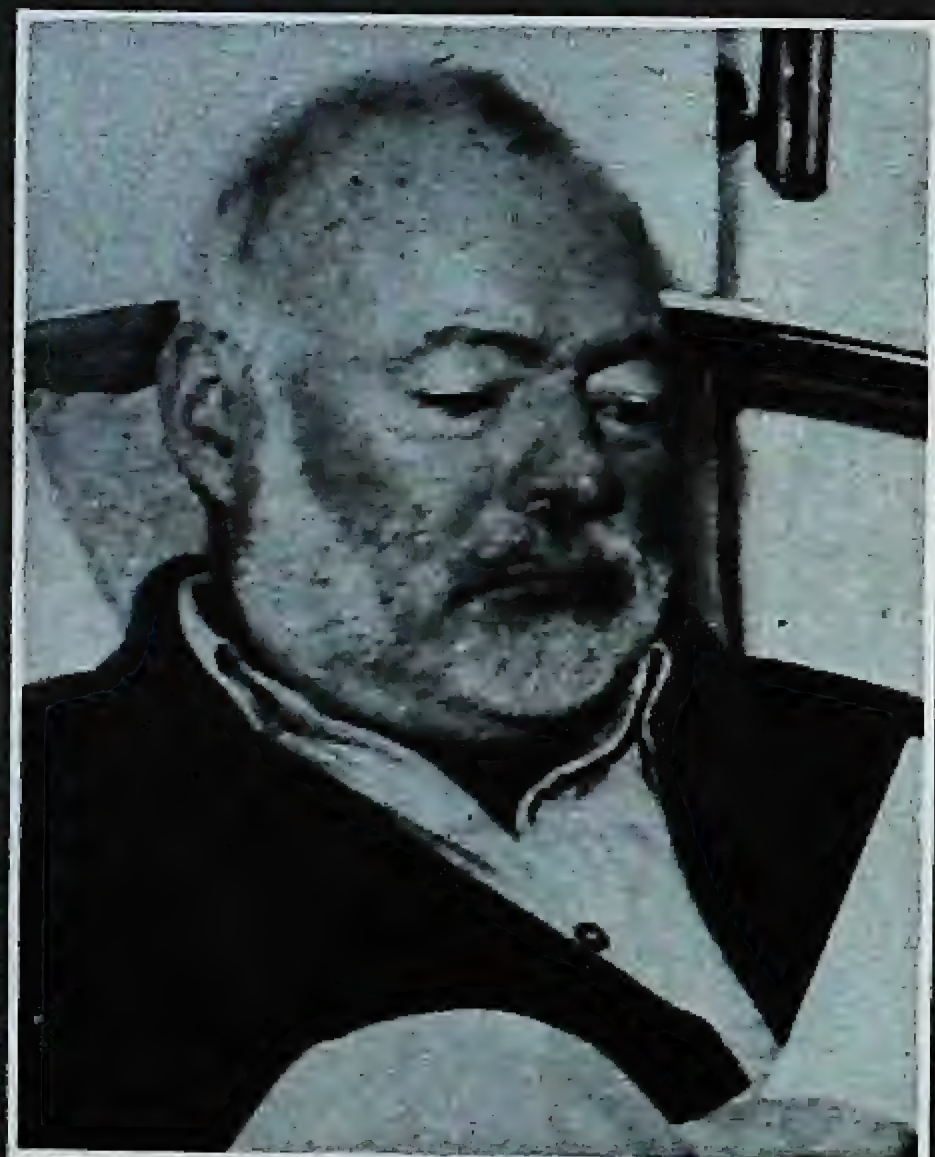
"My life has been spent with children," says Clements, taking his sister's grandchildren to see his 80-year-old mother.



Photographs by Wm. Franklin McMahon



After Freddie Prinze's suicide a pal said, "We had seen Freddie depressed before, but suspected nothing of this magnitude."

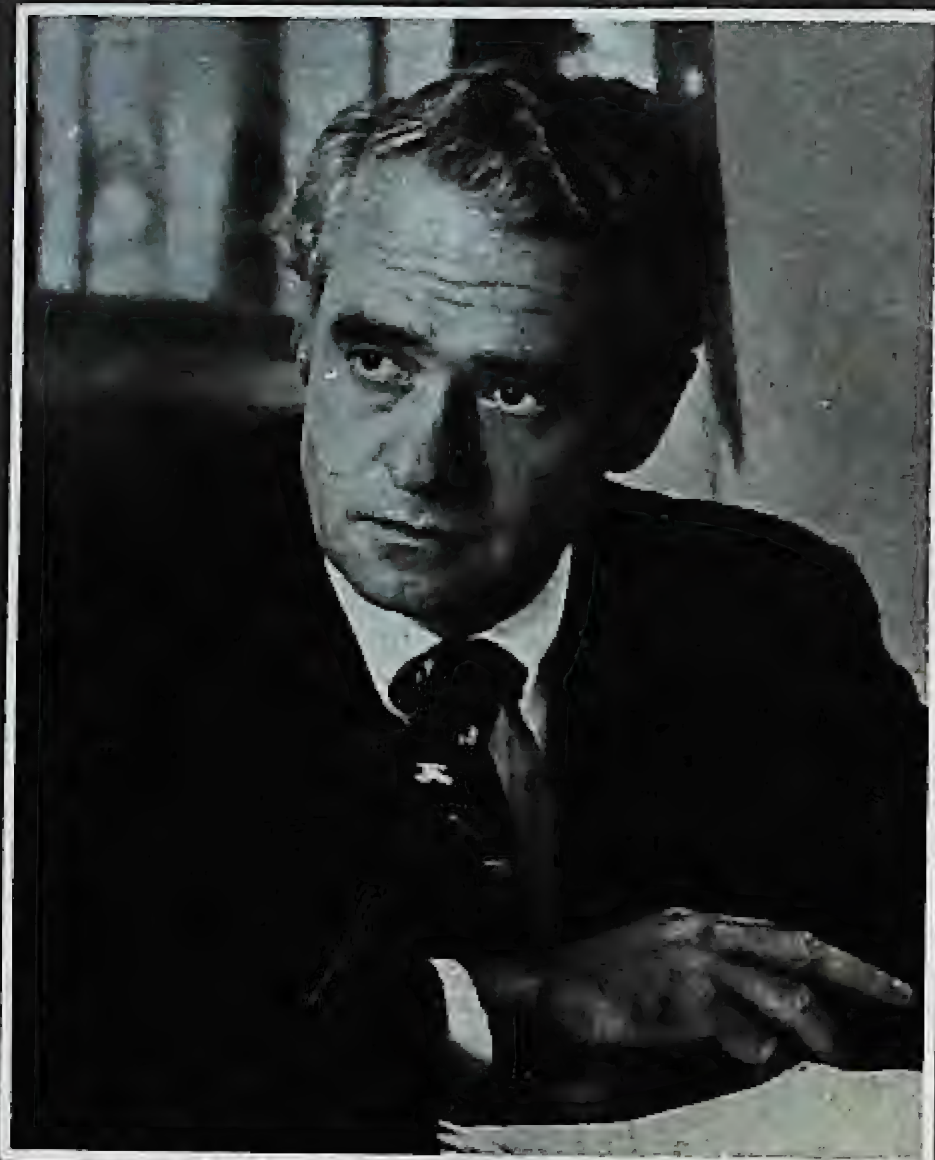


Ernest Hemingway was diagnosed as "depressive persecutory" by a psychiatrist the year before he shot himself in 1961.



Sylvia Plath's poetry reflected what a biographer called "melancholia." She killed herself with gas at 30.

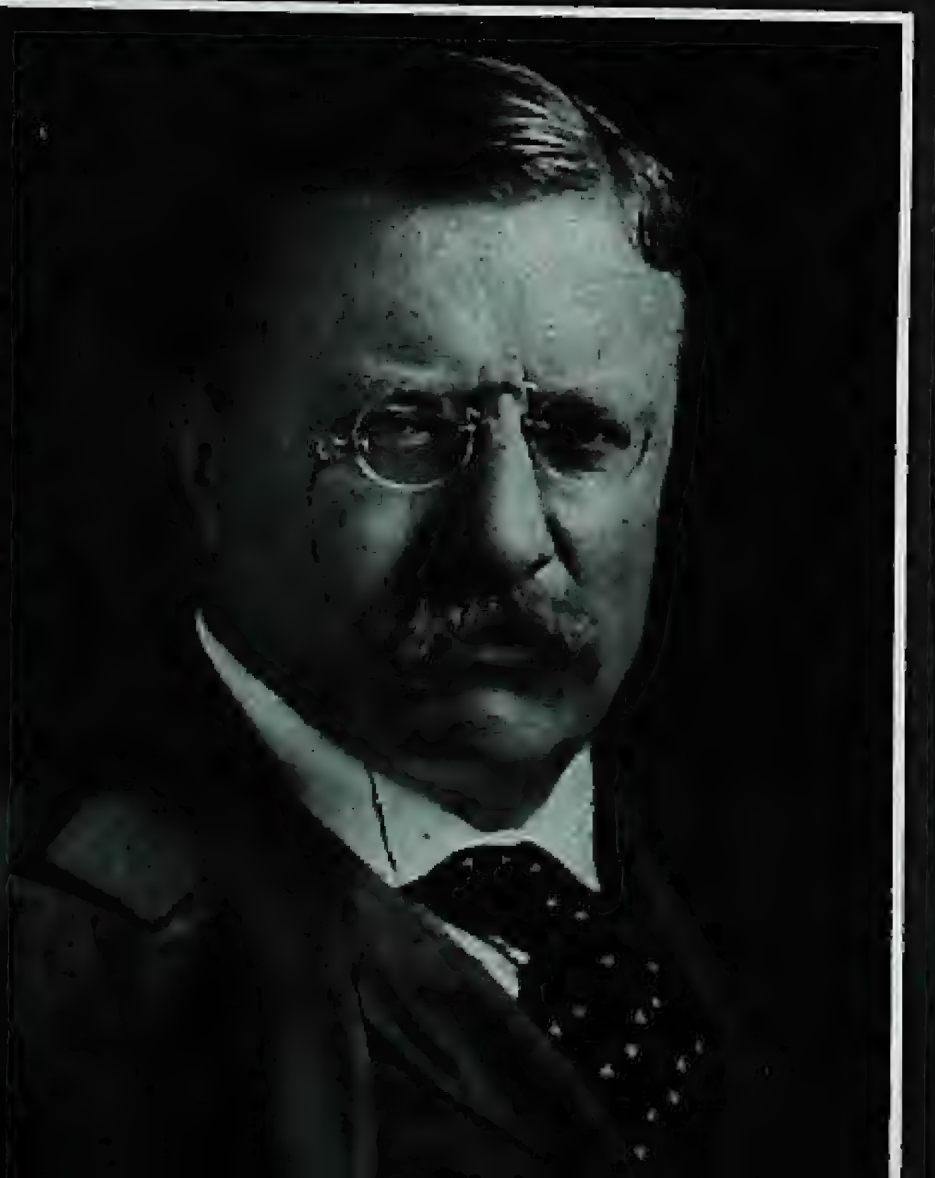
Sen. Thomas Eagleton's revelation that he had shock therapy for depression cost him the 1972 vice-presidential nomination.



Judy Garland was "sometimes gay, sometimes depressed," her doctor said after her fatal barbiturate overdose.



Teddy Roosevelt's unbridled vigor and rages were the reverse side of depression, writes one psychiatrist.



Winston Churchill called depression "my Black Dog" and his doctor, Lord Moran, wrote of the PM's "inborn melancholia."



In an Illinois hospital last June, Robert Young recovered from what his doctor called hereditary "chemical depression."



In addition to suffering from migraines, allergies and hypertension, singer Loretta Lynn has been treated for depression.

MEDICS HOLIDAYS GOT YOU DOWN? SCIENCE BATTLES DEPRESSION, A DISEASE THAT STRIKES MILLIONS

'Tis the season to be jolly, but also to despair. Dr. Calvin Frederick of the National Institute of Mental Health estimates that cases of depression increase 15 percent in December.

Holidays make loneliness more acute and raise painful memories, but for as many as 14 million Americans the problem is not seasonal. They are victims of clinical depression, which is far more severe than normal depressed feelings arising from a specific cause like losing one's job. Anyone can

be affected, from the rich and privileged (see opposite page) to the most anonymous citizen.

Dr. Myrna Weissman, director of Yale's Depression Research Unit, lists the symptoms: "Feelings of gloom, guilt, loss of appetite and sexual desire, disturbed sleep—things that used to give you a kick don't anymore."

Depression varies in severity and its causes are uncertain. Many scientists believe it can be activated by a chemical imbalance in the brain. It is

more prevalent in women, though men's higher alcoholism rate may mask their depression.

Treatment is also a matter of debate. Pseudotherapies abound. But there are legitimate researchers, including some psychiatric pioneers, who blend old and new techniques with often striking results. Though their methods may seem at odds, the eight widely respected doctors on these pages offer hope to the anguished victims of depression.

Robert Heath experiments with a brain pacemaker

For almost five years Robert Heath, 65, professor of psychiatry and neurology at Tulane University's School of Medicine in New Orleans, has been installing a kind of brain "pacemaker" to help control depressive, violent and suicidal urges in patients previously considered hopeless.

A tiny radio receiver is implanted just below the collarbone. From there thin wires are tunneled beneath the skin to the base of the skull, where a two-inch-long incision is made. Three platinum-and-silicone chips (pointed out at right by Heath) are attached to the cerebellum, the part of the brain that coordinates the muscles and body equilibrium. The patient carries a 3x4-inch battery-powered radio transmitter, which emits a signal that stimulates the cerebellum for five minutes followed by five minutes off. The signal activates pleasure cells and depresses those that cause pain or unpleasant emotions. Heath's first pacemaker patient, a violent young man, had been tied to his hospital bed after attempting to choke the doctor. With the pacemaker, he left the hospital and is now working in a greenhouse.

Heath trained as an internist at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School, then switched to neurology, which his father-in-law taught there. Heath has had a distinguished, often controversial career. In 1955 he isolated a protein from the blood of diagnosed schizophrenics, then showed that the protein was a factor



in their illness by injecting it into monkeys. The animals were plunged into a schizophrenic-like condition. The doctor is still experimenting with the protein in attempting to understand human schizophrenia.

In 1974 Heath made headlines as Congress was considering bills to ease the penalty for possession of marijuana. He disclosed a study indicating that heavy use of the drug causes brain damage. The bills died in committee.

Heath first tested the installation of primitive electrodes in the brain in 1950. He has put in 40 pacemakers so

far, and five of them are equipped with a lithium battery that works for five to six years. Of the 40 patients, more than half have shown marked improvement. Before, their fate might have been suicide or a mental institution.

Heath has a theory about the spread of depression in society today. "There is more of it because there are too many spectator sports," he says. "Physical activity is tremendous at relieving depression." He practices what he prescribes. Every weekend, he says, "I knock myself out gardening, golfing and playing tennis."

▼Ronald Fieve prescribes lithium for violent mood swings

No drug has been more effective in leveling out the highs and lows of manic-depression than lithium carbonate, a natural salt found in mineral rocks, explains Ronald Fieve, 50, psychiatrist. "A person may be normal for years, then switch into a manic high, which is an abnormal state of ecstasy. A person may have grandiose schemes, go on buying sprees or become promiscuous—then switch into a suicidal depression." Fieve, who has treated both Tony Orlando and director Joshua Logan, adds, "Lithium is for people who have wild mood swings, not garden-variety neurotics."

Lithium, discovered by Australian John Cade in 1949, is not a cure. But it does control mood excesses, Fieve theorizes, by replacing a natural brain chemical deficient in manic depressives. The average patient takes three to four capsules a day at the onset (Fieve holds one of the five-cent capsules, below), and it may take five to 15 days for the drug to begin to curb a high. Though it is nonaddictive, lithium has side effects—nausea and dizzi-

ness are common—if dosages aren't carefully monitored through blood tests. Fieve, who estimates 200,000 Americans use lithium regularly, does not recommend the drug for pregnant women or patients with heart or kidney disorders. He warns that lithium and alcohol usually don't mix, since liquor often exaggerates the manic mood.

Fieve runs a private practice, teaches at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and directs the nonprofit Foundation for Depression and Manic Depression. It treats people unable to afford private care in turn for participation in behavioral studies.

Trained as an internist at Harvard, he switched to psychoanalysis to satisfy his curiosity about how the mind functions. Originally, he recalls, "I was reluctant to use drugs because of strong psychoanalytic influences that discouraged it." Now he combines them with analysis and finds lithium often works where the couch fails. Fieve lives in Manhattan with his Peruvian wife and two daughters. He wrote a consumer's guide to lithium, *Mood-swing*, and occasionally lapses into talk-show pop medicine jargon. "We don't zonk people so they're blahs," he says. "They still have mini-manic blips. But they are no longer psychotic."



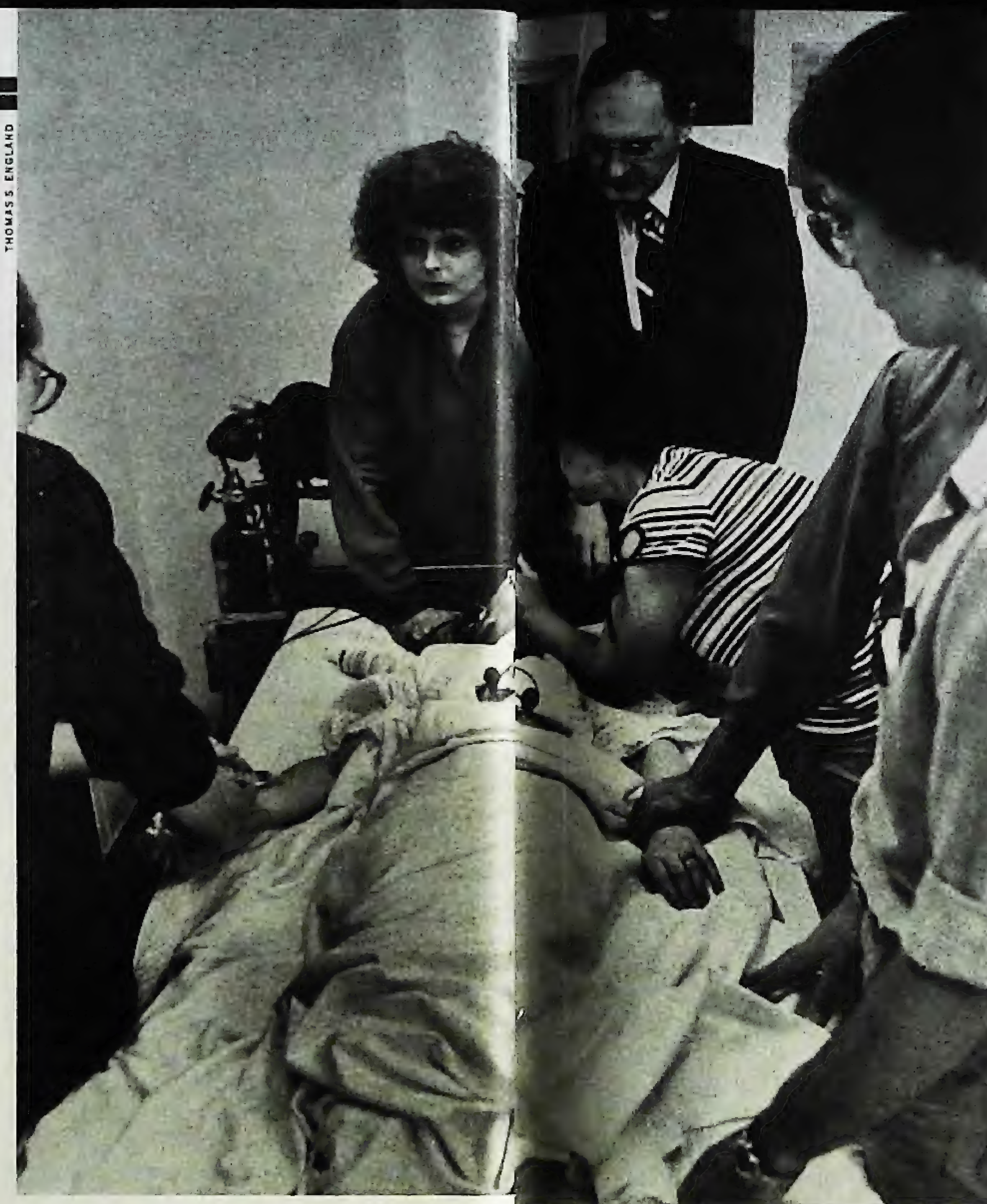
▲Iver Small's shock therapy remains controversial

Developed in 1938, shock treatment remains a disputed method of combating depression. Yet Iver Small, 57, a ranking specialist in ECT (electroconvulsive therapy) at Indiana University Medical Center, says, "You can treat 75 to 80 percent of severely depressed patients with drugs, but the rest are left with a pretty lousy existence. If ECT is used, you can treat up to 95 percent." He acknowledges prejudice against ECT but says that's because "it used to be horrible and not done right."

The anesthetized patient is injected with a muscle relaxant and held on a table. (Small oversees the process, above.) Less than half the energy needed to light a 25-watt bulb is conducted through the right side of the brain for one second, inducing major convulsions that Small describes as "brain storms"—and eventually a change in brain chemistry. He recommends three treatments a week for no more than five weeks. Small prefers applying cur-

rent to only the right side of the head because it reduces memory loss, a common side effect. "ECT isn't harmless, but it's a thousand times less harmful than what the illness does to the brain," he says. (Not all doctors agree, as shown by a recent book by a Bethesda, Md. psychiatrist, Peter Breggin, *Electroshock: Its Brain-Disabling Effects*. Breggin says perhaps half the patients who receive ECT of all types have permanent disabilities such as memory loss.)

After working in a mental institution as a teenager, the Canadian-born Small decided to go into psychiatry. "In those days such hospitals were hell-holes," he recalls. He and his wife, Joyce, a psychopharmacologist, now live in Indianapolis with their four children. Would Small undergo shock treatment himself? "When I get my depression and can't work," he says without hesitation, "give me six to eight modified, right-induced ECT shocks."



▼George Winokur pokes into the genetic roots of depression

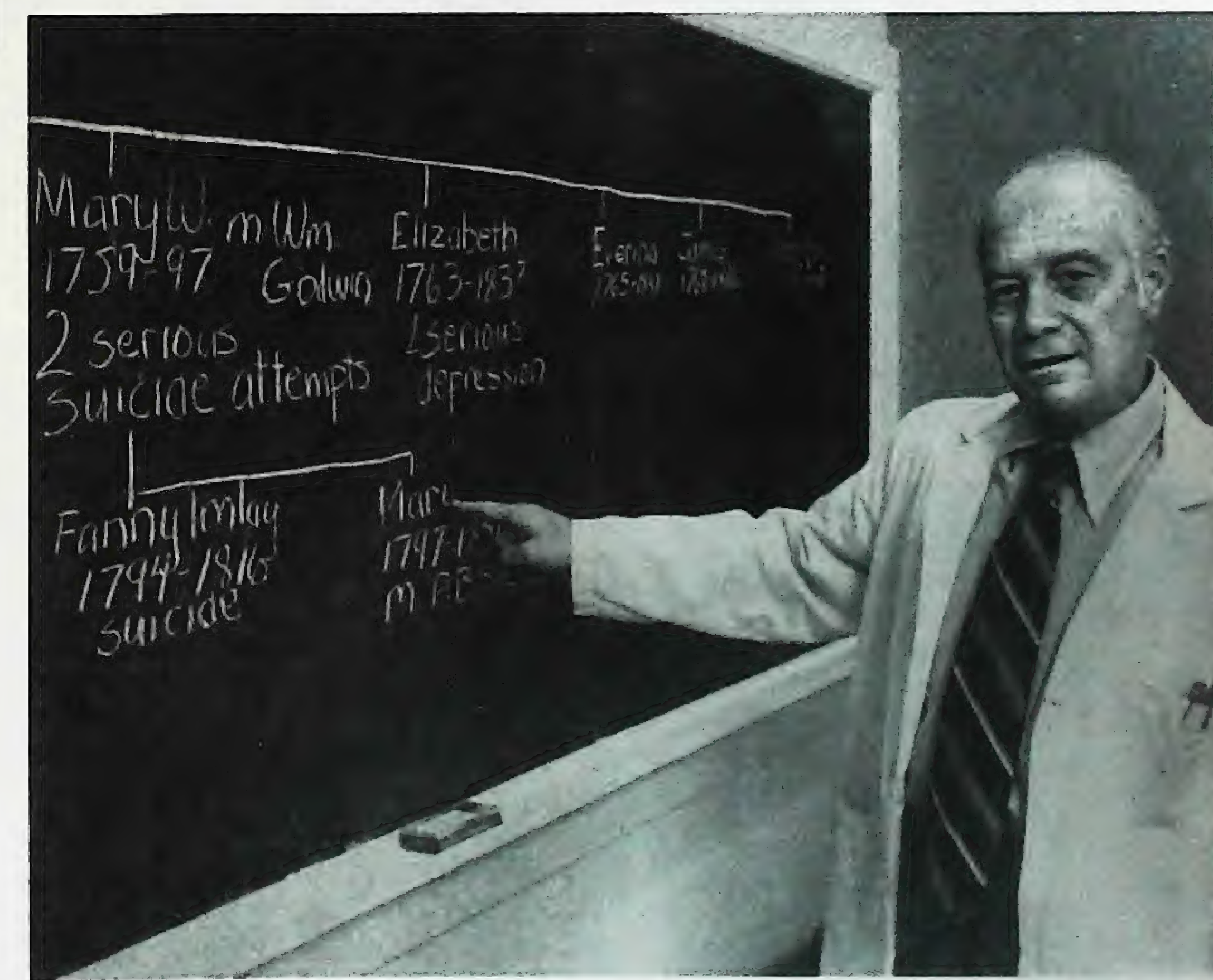
Is depression hereditary? Yes, says George Winokur, 55, chairman of the psychiatry department at the University of Iowa, citing the family tree (whose genealogy is sketched on the blackboard below) of *Frankenstein* author Mary Shelley. Her mother, feminist Mary Wollstonecraft, attempted suicide twice. An aunt suffered from mental illness and a sister killed herself at age 22.

Studies of twins have long indicated genetic factors are involved in depression. If one identical twin has it, there is a 60 to 70 percent chance the other will also have it, even if they were raised separately. Since 1970 Winokur's studies have further established that some kinds of depression are genetic. He separates his current patients into three categories: those with no depression or alcoholism in their family (sporadic), those with depression but no manic behavior or alcoholism in the family (pure), and those with a history of alcoholism and antisocial behavior (depression spectrum). "These three groups may represent separate diseases," Winokur says.

He has subjected patients in each group to a hormone test that reveals endocrine abnormality. The pure group

consistently shows the most hormone irregularities, the depression spectrum group the least. The abnormalities may be symptoms if not causes of brain dysfunction, Winokur says. "It is extremely important to categorize depressive disorders," he adds, "because the same symptoms encompass a whole range of people and problems." Those with sporadic depression, for instance, might require different treatment than that given a pure case.

Winokur, a graduate of Johns Hopkins (a classmate was columnist Russell Baker) and the University of Maryland Medical School, lives with his wife, Betty, in Iowa City. He's never been seriously depressed, Winokur says. But he adds, "While I'm not sure it has anything to do with depression as an illness, it is true that psychological circumstances make a person unhappy, and I've been unhappy on plenty of occasions." Winokur believes depression will ultimately be cured by biological treatments, such as drugs and ECT. He is not enthusiastic about psychotherapy for seriously depressed patients. "We have had psychoanalysis since the middle 1890s and we have yet to see that it is effective."



Joseph Schildkraut pioneered the 'era of psychiatric chemistry'

Harvard's Joseph Schildkraut, 46, has found a vital clue to treating depression in an unlikely place: the urine. In 1965 he published a landmark study that suggested lack of catecholamine, an ammonia derivative used to help transmit messages from one section of the brain to another, was a cause of depression. That theory led to many current drug treatments. Accurate diagnosis of the disease is still a problem, however. Now Schildkraut and his team at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center have isolated a compound, MHPG, produced by techolamine breakdown. Varying levels of MHPG in the urine indicate different types of depression, which are classified as either bipolar (manic depressive) or unipolar (patients experiencing depressed lows but no manic highs). The MHPG content helps doctors prescribe the proper antidepressant drugs.

The Brooklyn-born Schildkraut planned to become an orthodox psychotherapist until he was won over by results from early drug treatment of depression. He is now so highly regarded that his nonprofit Psychiatric Chemistry Laboratory serves more than 60 hospitals in New England. Schildkraut lives in Brookline, Mass. with wife Betsy and two children. He teaches psychiatry at Harvard and lectures across the country on MHPG analysis. "Depression someday will be diagnosed and treatment prescribed in much the same way as pneumonia," Schildkraut says. "There will be the clinical diagnosis, then lab tests will help determine the type of illness and the appropriate drug to be used."

MICHAEL MAUNY

^To chase the blues away, follow Robert Conroy

"Depression is an illness that takes a lot of energy," says Robert Conroy, 42, above. A staff psychiatrist at the Menninger Memorial Hospital in Topeka, Dr. Conroy is trying to combat the strength-sapping aspect of depression with a rigorous fitness program fashioned after California's Golden Door Health Spa.

In addition to some drugs and psychotherapy, his patients undergo a series of phys ed and aerobic dance classes. If they are physically able, they swim, jog and play tennis. Their diet includes whole grain bread, fruits and fresh vegetables, while junk food and caffeine are discouraged. Conroy discovered that his patients' energy levels went up, their blood pressure fell and they were generally less

depressed. "Exercise seems to increase a patient's self-image," the doctor says.

Conroy, the father of three teenagers, jogs three miles every other day. He has an M.D. from the University of Minnesota and served for seven years as an Army psychiatrist. His interest in therapeutic exercise arises from a 1976 meeting with Golden Door owner Deborah Mazzanti, a trustee of the Menninger Foundation. Exercise cannot cure psychosis, Conroy points out, but when his patients leave Menninger's, they are less impulsive, more optimistic and more relaxed. "When patients leave here they feel better not only emotionally but physically too," says Conroy. "They get twice as much for their money."



DOUG BRUCE/CAMERA 5

Philip Berger is a master blender of treatments

"Many psychiatrists think severe depression can be treated with Freudian psychotherapy alone," says Stanford's Philip Berger, 37. "I consider this dangerous." Berger instead advocates an eclectic system of treatment, with antidepressant drugs and sleep studies, all with supportive psychotherapy.

Director of the 20-bed experimental research unit at Stanford's mental health clinic in the Palo Alto Veterans Administration Medical Center, he stresses: "The difference between everyday sadness and severe depression is that the depressive syndrome has many symptoms, only one of which is sadness. There is also a disordering of mood, thinking and behavior. Depressed people are pessimistic, have low self-esteem, feel guilt, have backaches or headaches, decreased appetite and are unable to feel pleasure."

Berger, administering the experimental antidepressant Beta-Endorphin, below, is a strong advocate of therapeutic drugs, yet he thinks too many psychiatrists prescribe Valium "as a substitute for talking to patients. It should never be used for more than two or three weeks and then tapered off." Even worse, Berger adds, is using alcohol to submerge depression.

A Dartmouth Phi Beta Kappa, Berger is also a graduate of Harvard Medical School, father of two daughters and a backyard astronomer. (He once planned to be an astrophysicist.) Though he loves good food, he eats only one meal a day, inspired by the memory of what a doctor told him when he was a chubby medical student: "You'd better make your discoveries early, because you won't live long unless you lose weight."



MICHAEL ALEXANDER

NEIL BENSON



^Aaron Beck's patients can help themselves

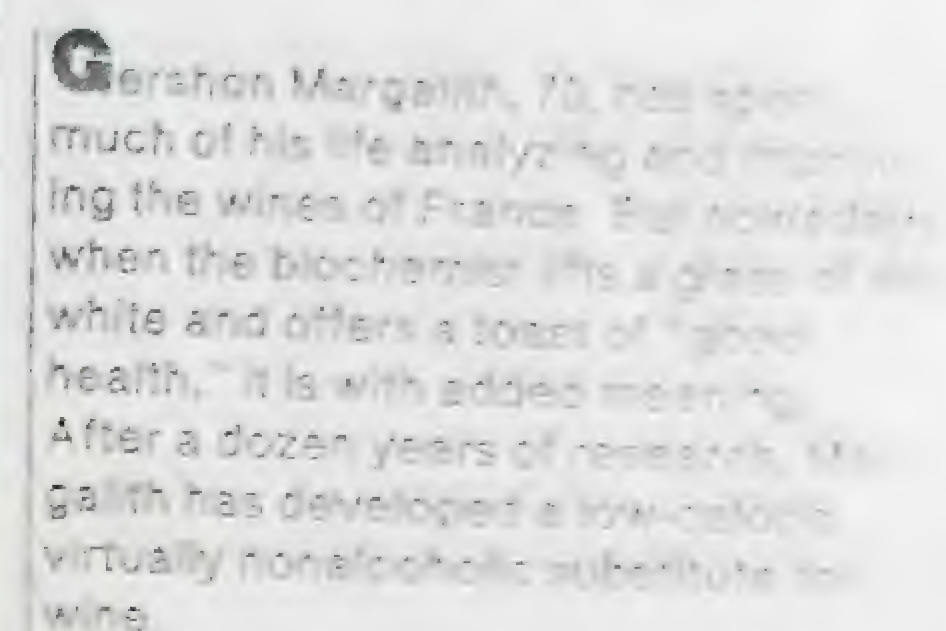
"The real tragedy of depression is not that it is hopeless, but that it is believed to be hopeless," says Dr. Aaron Beck, 59. "So little of the suffering is necessary." Beck founded the "Mood Clinic" at the University of Pennsylvania, where he teaches psychiatry. He developed what he calls "cognitive therapy," a method of coping with negative thoughts. It is low-cost (\$15 to \$50, depending on income) and short-term (six to 12 sessions).

"The depression may be hereditary, organic or the result of a troubled childhood," Beck explains, "but we can still treat a person psychologically." Patients fill out Beck's 21-question "depression inventory" to evaluate their illness. He occasionally prescribes medication, but says, "Most suicidal patients respond to therapy in the first session, while it may take them two weeks to respond to a drug." Mood Clinic therapists encourage thinking positively to overcome the sense of failure common to depressives. "The depressed person distorts himself," Beck explains. "He only sees the bad, never the good." Patients are also taught to be alert for thoughts that typically precede bad moods. In some cases, they watch videotapes of previous sessions to search for clues (above). The tapes are also used to train therapists working at Centers for Cognitive Therapy in eight cities.

"This is usually not the first place patients come to," Beck says. "We're often the court of last resort. But patients improve noticeably right away, and in five years we've never had a suicide." □



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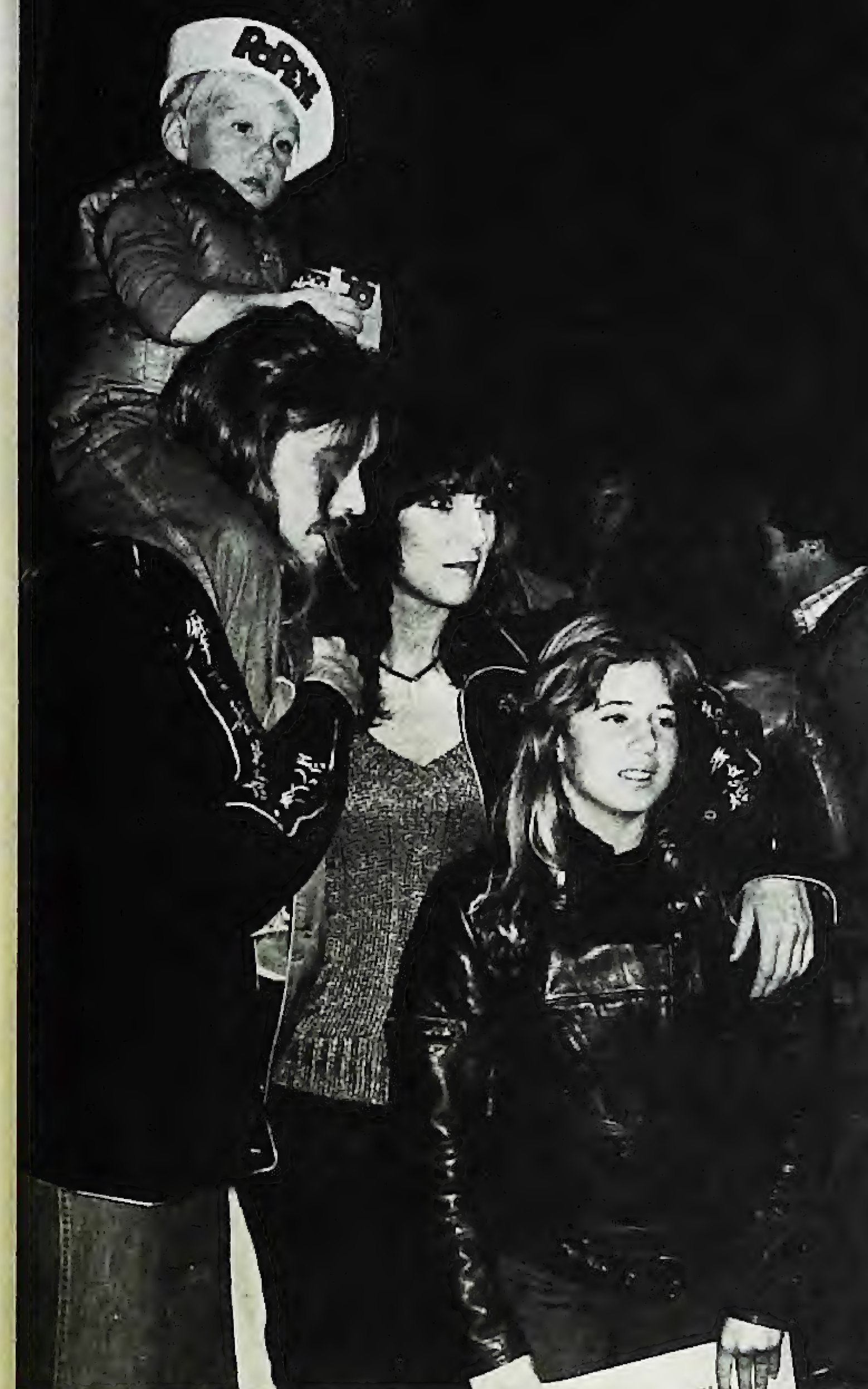
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Marlboro Lights	12	0.8	Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7	Salem Lights	11	0.8
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Cher brought the family, more or less: her 11-year-old daughter, Chastity Bono, 4-year-old son, Elijah Blue Allman, and current squeeze Les Dudek.

PARTY

**SHIVER ME TIMBERS!
HOLLYWOOD HITS THE
DECK FOR THE
'POPEYE' PREMIERE**



Olivia Newton-John showed off her famous smile and her not-so-famous new friend, dancer Matt Latanzi.

Come as you is" read the invitations, and come they did, 1,500 strong, into Mann's Chinese Theater to catch a glimpse of the most famous sailor man since Coleridge's mariner ran into the albatross. The occasion was the Hollywood premiere of Robert Altman's *Popeye*, starring Ork's Robin Williams as the swabbie with the bulging forearms and the heart of gold and Shelley Duvall as his reedy lady love, Olive Oyl. Popeye's favorite vegetable—spinach—was everywhere. Williams wore a corsage of the wilted greens and gave Duvall a bouquet of the stuff.

CONTINUED

Nepotism reared its fancy head when Williams and Duvall introduced co-star Wesley Ivan (Swee'pea) Hurt—director Altman's grandson.

Photographs by Jeff Slocumb/Borsari



"I love being booed," laughed Paul L. (Bluto) Smith, with lady friend Eve Knoller. "I was very encouraged by the kids' reaction to me."



PARTY

Not to be outdone, guests at the \$150-a-ticket (\$25 for kids) shindig that followed were treated to a menu featuring spinach salad, spinach quiche and mushrooms stuffed with the well-known potherb of the goosefoot family. □



Producer Stanley (Kramer vs. Kramer) Jaffe came to check out the competition with his 20th Century fox, studio president Sherry Lansing.

"Most kids envy their parents going to premieres," said Jeff Wald. He and wife Helen Reddy made sure their son, Jordan, 8, didn't have to.



Daddy Ryan missed the show, but erstwhile tyke Tatum O'Neal came hand in hand with her mom (and his ex), Joanna Moore.



Married woman Jill Clayburgh and playwright husband David Rabe agreed that *Popeye* isn't Shakespeare, but they liked it—"sort of."



"*Popeye* was my favorite cartoon," said Tim (Ordinary People) Hutton, with date Liza Greer, "but I wished he'd flattened Bluto sooner."

On a holiday from Roman, Polanski protégée Nastassia (Tess) Kinski turned up with movie producer Ibrahim Moussa.



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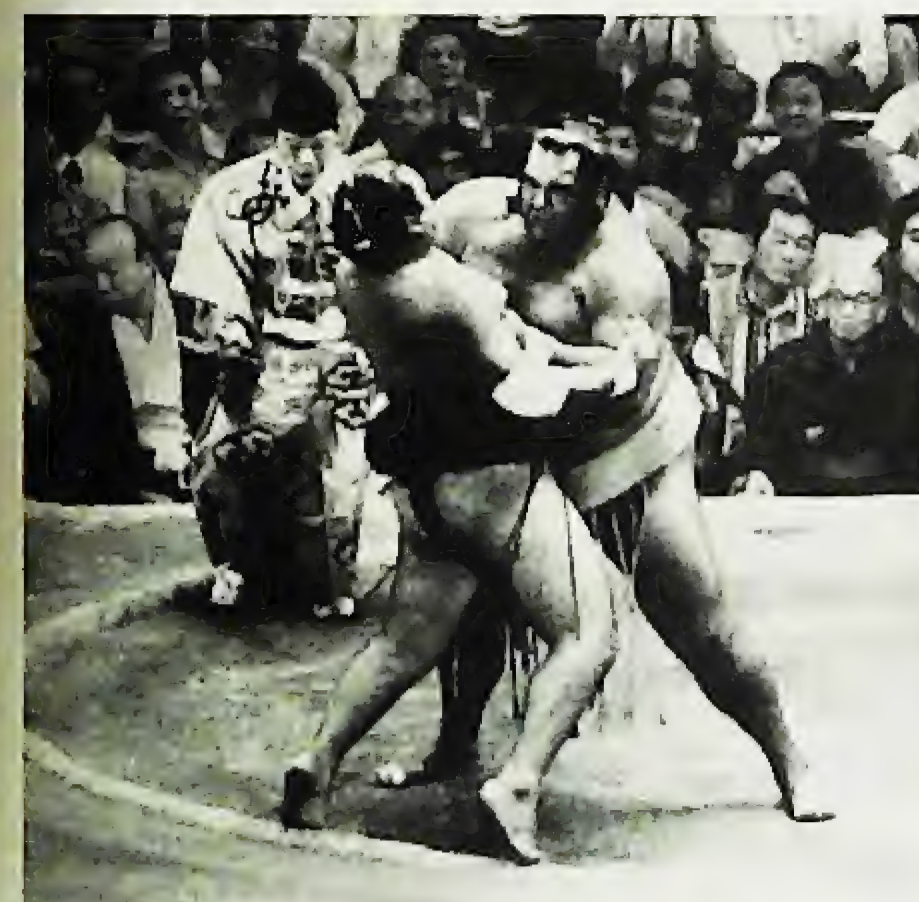
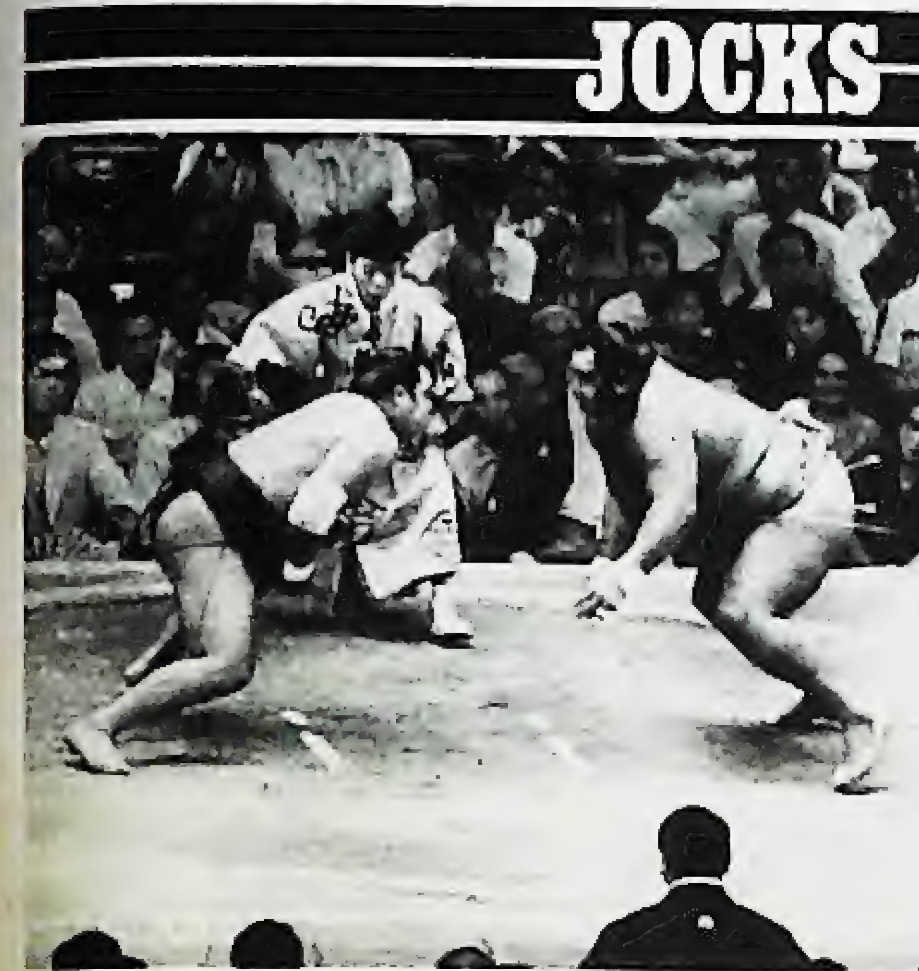
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Flesh meets flesh with a resounding smack when sumos grapple in short, furious battle. The winner either topples his foe or nudges him out of the 15-foot ring. As a kimonoed referee watches, Kuhaulua (right) uses his 420-pound bulk to power his way to victory.

PROVING HE HAD THE STOMACH FOR IT, AMERICAN JESSE KUHAULUA BECOMES THE BIGGEST NAME IN JAPANESE SUMO



Sixteen years ago Jesse Kuhaulua was nothing but a stranger in a strange sport—a Hawaiian-born American football player attempting to break into the rigid hierarchy of Japanese sumo wrestling. Today he is a national hero in Japan, on a par with Sadaharu Oh, the

just retired baseball player who hit more home runs than Hank Aaron.

At 36, Kuhaulua may no longer be the best of the 600 sumo wrestlers in Japan, but he is the most celebrated. He is also the tallest (6'4") and the heaviest (420 pounds), in keeping with his

ring name of Takamiyama, which means Mountain of the Lofly View. Takamiyama is the first Westerner ever to be admitted to the *maku-uchi* ("inside the curtain"), the top 38 wrestlers on the professional circuit.

"Sumo is such a disciplined life,"

CONTINUED

JOCKS

says Kuhaulua, "that you need a mountain of will to succeed." He could hardly imagine the rigors involved when, at 19, he was recruited by a sumo instructor passing through Maui. The son of a cattle ranch hand, Jesse had been a star tackle at Baldwin High in Wailuku. The training regimen in Tokyo for aspiring sumos was so punishing that Jesse was tempted to say aloha many

times his first winter. "We got up at 4 a.m.," he recalls with a grimace, "and stripped to a loincloth in the bitter cold. I shivered all over the place and longed like hell for the sunshine of Maui." A sumo novice, he also discovered, is expected to double as cook, janitor and latrine cleaner for his stable (as a team is called).

Jesse persevered. "Something told me," he says, "that there was no reason I couldn't do as well as the Japanese, or even better." He hard-

ened himself by butting his stomach, head and chest against a wooden pillar. "I put in three hours," he says proudly, "where my Japanese colleagues did but one." In his first professional tournament one month after his arrival, he won eight consecutive matches.

At first Takamiyama was a comparatively lithe 253 pounds, and his height made him easy to topple in the 15-foot ring. But countless bowls of *chanko-nabe*, the sumo's rich diet, changed that. As his belly grew, his center of gravity moved lower and lower in his body. He advanced to the *maku-uchi* in 1968 and four years later scored his greatest triumph, winning the Emperor's Cup, the top prize in sumo competition, at a 15-day tournament in Nagoya.

Takamiyama's prime is past, but he isn't retiring yet. His *harite* (open-hand slap), which earned him the name of "Champion Killer," is as effective as ever. He constantly adds to one remarkable record: He has wrestled in 1,170 consecutive scheduled bouts in a sport where injury is commonplace.

Takamiyama lives in a Japanese-style house in Tokyo with his wife, Kazue, 32, their 6-year-old son, Yumitaro, and 4-year-old daughter, Rie. Jesse trains at his stable's nearby camp but spends six months a year on the road, at tournaments and exhibitions.

As befits a superstar, Takamiyama is a frequent guest on TV talk shows (he speaks Japanese fluently), and he pitches everything from stomach medicine to pillows. He estimates his income from competition and endorsements at a very conservative \$160,000 a year. A training injury to his vocal cords early in his sumo career left his voice hoarse and high-pitched, yet Jesse won't think of corrective surgery. "I can't change it," he reasons. "It's one of the best-known voices in the country."

Takamiyama became a naturalized Japanese last May. "I wanted to keep my American passport," he says, "but my heart belongs to my family in Japan and to sumo." Jesse also wants to become a sumo official when he retires, and such positions are open only to Japanese citizens.

Jesse may be a *gaijin* (foreigner), but he is also an institution. "Along with Ambassador Mike Mansfield," gushes a Tokyo news commentator, "Takamiyama is the finest envoy the U.S. has ever sent here." S. CHANG

Photographs by T. Tanuma



Sales for Maruhati bedding tripled after the wrestler appeared in this television campaign two years ago.

Jesse joins stable colleagues and fans for *chanko-nabe*, a hearty stew, downed with heroic helpings of rice.



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LOOKOUT

A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

Stefan Baumann, 18, didn't make waves around South Tahoe (Calif.) High until his senior year when he showed up in the school parking lot in a Mercedes-Benz. His brooding portraits and Western landscapes (like *Spring Fall* below) command from \$3,000 to \$12,000 apiece and hang in prominent California collections. Baumann, whose Swiss immigrant father owns a chain of bakeries, was originally interested in piano and played professionally for civic groups. "When other kids were playing football," he recalls, "I was listening to Chopin and Brahms." Then the sale of a painting at 11 (for \$35) led to new horizons, and the Mercedes didn't hurt.

"Girls I had never met were all of a sudden very interested in me," he reports. Working from photographs—many his own—of Rocky Mountain scenes, Baumann paints in a style reminiscent of the 19th-century Hudson River School. He uses small brushes (some contain only 20 hairs), and spends up to 500 hours over two years on a single canvas. Baumann is now a freshman in art history at Stanford, but doesn't know how long he'll stay. "My objective is to learn," he says, "not to get a piece of paper." That is not to suggest, he insists, that his eye is on the quick buck. "Ten years from now," he says, "I would like Baumann to be a household name." □



PHOTO: JIMMY GARRA/ISTOCK

Kena Colon, 10, the youngest finisher in this fall's New York City Marathon, recalls that running the 26 miles 385 yards "wasn't so bad. I only felt tired twice, and I thought I could do a whole other marathon." Kena first hit the road three years ago with her mother, Camille, a divorcee who works for New York's housing department and is presently a Ph.D. candidate in sociology at Fordham University night school. Upset at having so little time with her daughter, Camille coaxed Kena into joining her in dawn workouts. "I hated it at first because it was so boring," Kena admits. "But I enjoy it most of the time now." In fact the 4'8", 71-pound brunette

finished the marathon in 4:37:46, beating her mother by almost 49 minutes. Kena says she didn't pace herself properly and should have done even better—at shorter distances she has already collected 17 trophies. To prepare for future races she runs daily, logging 35 to 40 miles a week. Kena built up her carbohydrates premarathon with spaghetti and croissants but prefers to train on Chinese food. Her idol is marathon record-holder Grete Waitz, and Kena counts on becoming world-class herself. Her next goal was Britain's 54.25-mile ultramarathon, until she found out runners have to be 21. "Okay," replied Kena. "By then I'll set a new record." □



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A black and white photograph of a man in a long white coat standing on a street in front of a large, multi-story building. The man is looking towards the camera. The building has many windows and a balcony. The street is paved and there are trees in the background.

MANHATTAN'S LINCOLN
occasionally re-enacts up Old
Hudson River to quaint Cold
Spring, N.Y.

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
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itics. Jimmy Carter could never play the game as well. He put on town meetings, but it was an act. His personality just didn't allow the folksiness that Reagan has perfected. Reagan has the wholesome quality of the small-town boy who goes out into the world but keeps the simple virtues.

Aren't small towns in fact models of democracy?

In the ideal, they're a place where you have a chance to participate in government on things that affect you. The reality has often been that a few people run the town. The rest just go along with them. Nobody wants to drop the folksy facade. Boosterism is very important. Boost, don't knock.

What are your personal feelings about small towns?

I have an ambivalence that I think is very American. Mine is a love-hate relationship.

What things did you love?

Crawfordsville was a good place to grow up. It was a stable world—it was a school, a church, the places you hung out, the shortcuts you took. I remember the sound of the chimes playing outside the church on Christmas Eve. There was a tree with a fork that made a perfect football goalpost.

What did you hate?

There's a suffocating conformity in small towns. The idea is not to rock the boat, not to question. Ezra Pound once lived in Crawfordsville, and he lost his job teaching at the local college for taking a woman to his room. Even when I was a kid, I felt the tyr-

anny of public opinion about people I knew. The idea is not to question the ruling code. The punishment is gossip.

Do people really know everyone else's business?

You think they do, and that's enough. It limits your behavior.

Historically, didn't small towns make a significant contribution?

The town had useful functions when we settled the country. The Puritans' religion dictated a sort of utopian town, really one big congregation. When they moved west, the town served as a fortification, a place where some semblance of civilization existed under extreme conditions. For farmers, it was a way station between city and country. Even today it serves as a counterbalance to the mass society—a psychic refuge from the city that keeps alive a sense of human scale and community. The bottom line is that towns affected more of our history than cities.

How are towns depicted in our literature?

That goes in cycles. Our early storytellers captured the small-town myth. After the Civil War there was a rise in literary realism. Authors like E.W. Howe and Hamlin Garland caught some of the boredom and loutishness of these towns. But as urbanization increased at the turn of the century, a lot of popular writers like Booth Tarkington praised small towns. It wasn't dog-eat-dog in his sentimental stories.

Then what happened?

There was a reaction against that. Theodore Dreiser showed the way by refusing to cotton to this code of genteel literature. Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* and Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* lifted the lid off the small town. They wrote about the towns they knew, and their books were taken up by people who had moved away from small towns and wanted to reassure themselves that city life was better.

How did the towns react?

They worried that real estate values would go down. In Lewis' Sauk Centre,



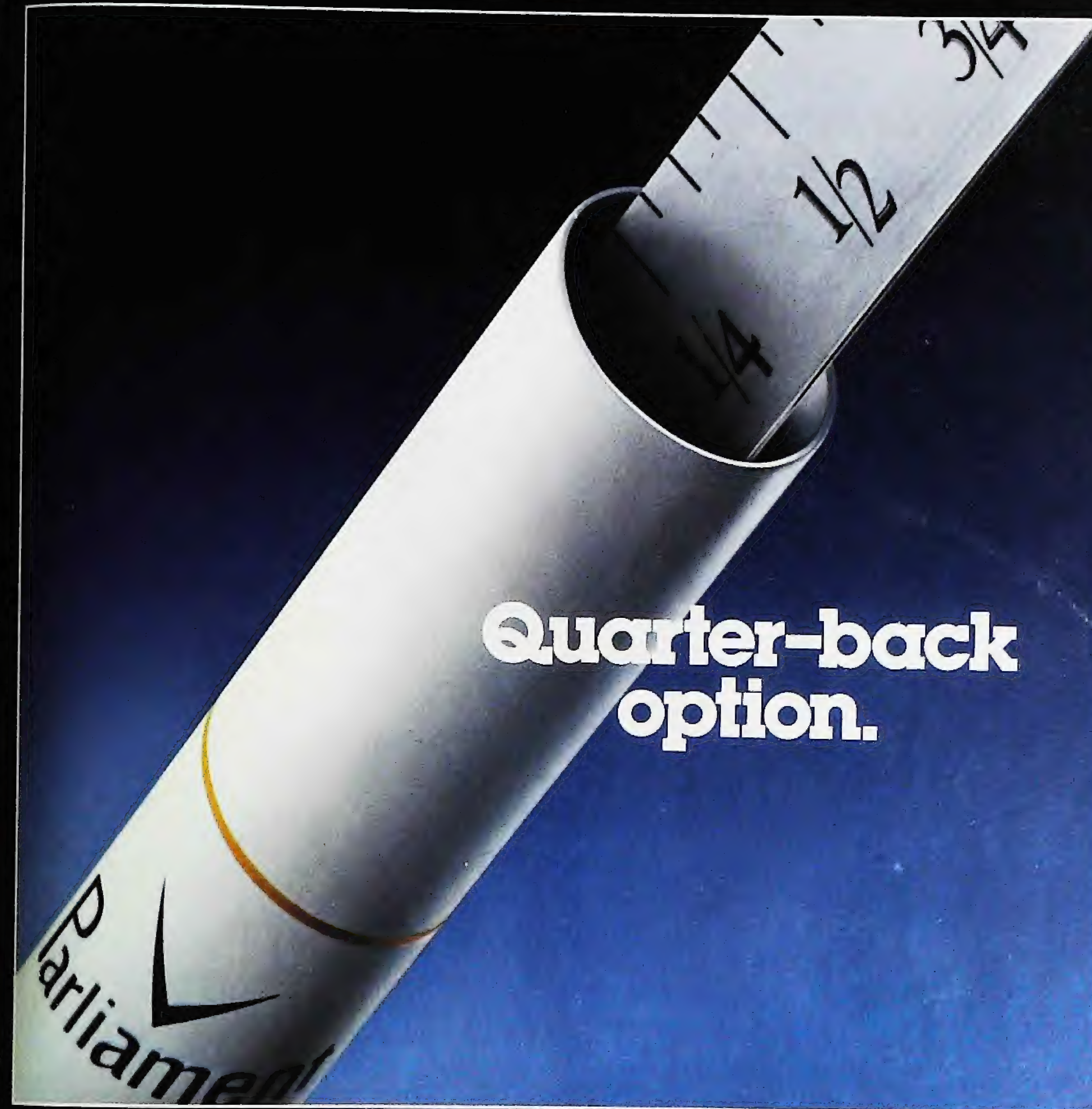
In Southern towns like Jimmy Carter's Plains, observes Lingeman, "there was more of a tradition of a few families dominating."

Ronald Reagan, who was raised in Dixon, Ill., personifies "the small-town boy who still believes in the American dream."



SUZANNE HANNEY

CONTINUED



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OWN WORDS

Minn., the model for *Main Street*, there was a great outrage. Years later the townsfolk realized Lewis had made them famous, and they embraced him. Now they have a Sinclair Lewis Museum and the main street is called "Original Main Street."

What did women contribute to small towns?

They always had an important role. The wealthier ones took over cultural affairs. And they became a strong force in the morality of the town. In the '20s and '30s culture and uplift became less important, and more middle-class wives became fixtures in the home. All the while the towns were pretty dreary, dirty places. Women could persuade men to improve their position, and cities became the magnet. Small towns were in disrepute. Now cities have become unmanageable and the small town is a retreat. Most Americans today say they'd like to live in a small town.

Is there really an exodus back?

Yes, gradually. Some of the movement to the suburbs was an attempt to recapture small-town life. That dream has been tarnished because suburbs have inherited city problems. So people are moving from the suburbs to small towns. But they're looking for the small town that used to be, and they aren't going to find it.

If they did, would they want it?

Probably not. These people like countryside, but they want urban values too. The dirt road is nice, but as soon as it snows, they want it paved.

Does the stream of newcomers cause problems for the towns?

It strains resources and creates new tensions. That threatens the virtues of small-town life that people are seeking. So a lot of towns are trying to control growth. There's an idea of cluster towns, where one town has the factories, another the shopping areas,

a third the health care, and so on. It would give small towns more stability; they could limit themselves rather than trying to be everything.

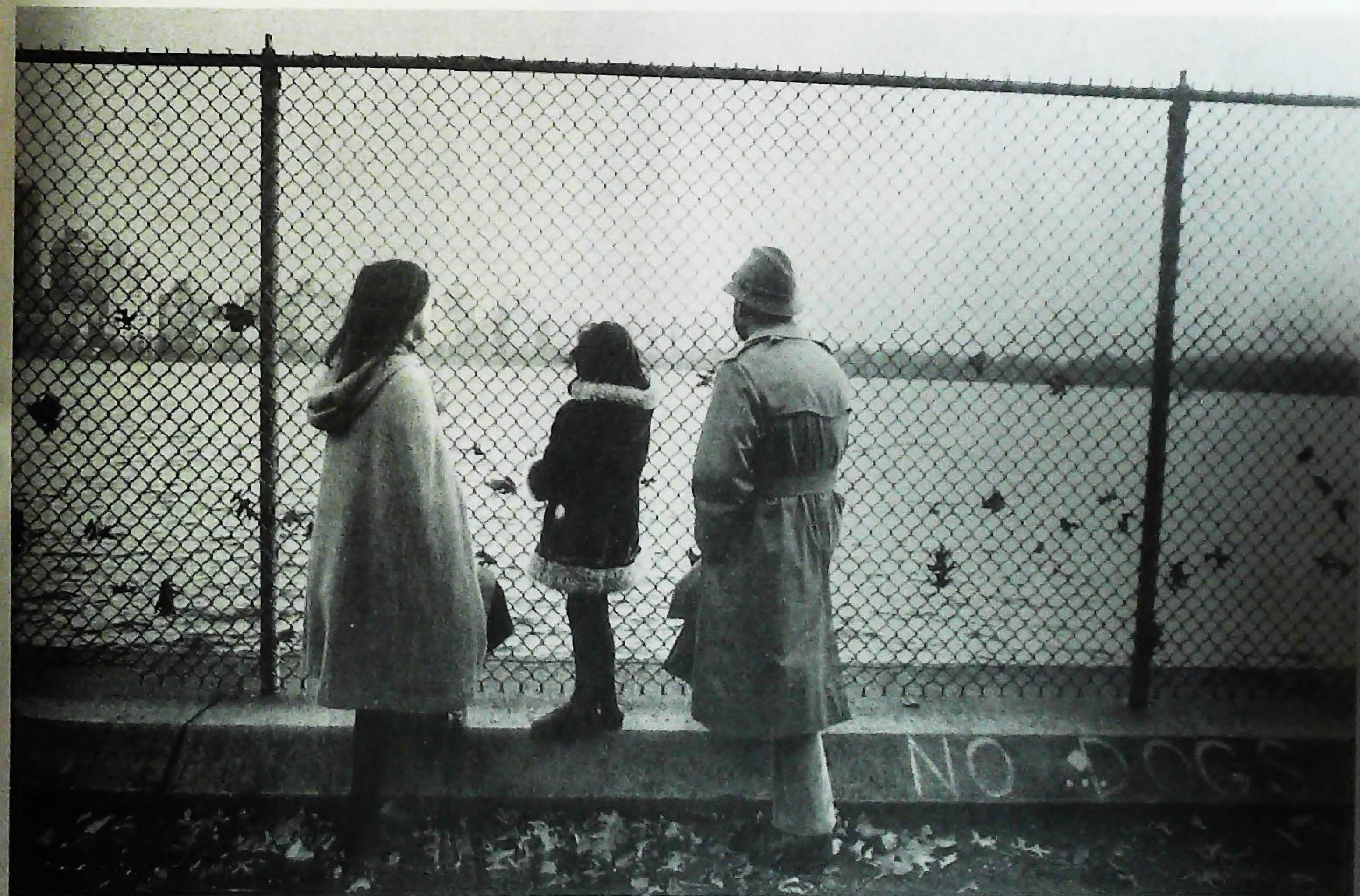
Does this mean that the small town of Norman Rockwell is dead?

No, though modern transportation and communication have caused small towns to lose a lot of the autonomy they once had. They still believe they're separate from the larger society, but they've become part of it. I think small towns are a happier place today than when they were isolated. And they still have a more relaxed pace, a general friendliness and fewer physical discomforts than cities.

Would you ever go back to one to live?

If I could find the ideal place, I might. The positive memories overshadow the negative ones. □

Lingeman, at the Central Park reservoir with Anthea and Jenifer, still admits to "misgivings" about raising a family in New York.



**JOHNNY MARKS HAS MADE
MILLIONS OFF 'RUDOLPH,'
BUT THE SONGWRITER
STILL SAYS HUMBUG**



IN THE MONEY

Both men have white beards and ruddy cheeks, and without them Christmas would not be the same. But there the similarity ends between Santa Claus and Johnny Marks, creator of the song *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*.

"This is not exactly what I hoped to be remembered for," grumps Marks, 71, who never shops for presents, puts up a tree or sends Christmas cards. "My idea of a real masterpiece," adds the former Colgate University Phi Beta Kappa, "is the lyric for *Tea for Two*."

Nevertheless, each December the royalties from *Rudolph* sluice into the coffers of St. Nicholas Music Inc., his company. The song provides Marks with more than 75 percent of his \$800,000 annual income. He also cashes in handsomely on his other holiday songs, including *I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day* (seven million records sold, Marks boasts), *Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree* (a gold single for Brenda Lee) and Burl Ives' eight-million seller, *A Holly Jolly Christmas*. None comes close to *Rudolph*: 131 million discs sold in more than 30 languages since Gene Autry first recorded it in 1949, not to mention seven million copies of the sheet music and 25 million copies of 140 arrangements for orchestra, band and choir. (Only the sales of *White Christmas*, recorded seven years earlier, exceed these figures.)

Autry's *Rudolph* has sold more than 12 million records and is Marks' favorite. That opinion hasn't discouraged some 500 other artists from trying. Paul McCartney gave *Rudolph* a reggae beat, John Denver breathed a little Rocky Mountain high into it, and last year Willie Nelson's countrified version was reminiscent of the original. This season 10 more performers—among them Cheech and Chong—have recorded it.

The song has also spawned a number of top-rated television specials for which Marks wrote the words and music. Early this month on CBS, his *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* (with Burl Ives as narrator) aired for the 17th season, making it the longest-running special in history. Last Sunday

Rudolph's Shiny New Year, voice-over by Red Skelton, was on ABC; that network also has an option on a third Marks special, *Rudolph and Frosty*.

Red noses aside, Marks would rather have been another Irving Berlin, the composer he idolized while growing up in Mount Vernon, N.Y. After receiving a B.A. in English, Marks took off for Paris, where Ernest Hemingway came to hear him play piano at the Café Schubert on the Boulevard Montparnasse.

By the mid-1930s Marks was back in Manhattan, playing piano at nightclubs and composing during the day. In 1939 he wrote his first hit, *Address Unknown*, with Carmen Lombardo. He joined the Army in 1942 and was assigned as a second lieutenant to entertain front-line troops. He did much more: Serving under Patton in Normandy, he won the Bronze Star for leading 20 men in an attack on a castle and capturing the 100 Germans inside.

In 1948 Marks found "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" scribbled in his book of song ideas. It was the title of a story given away to kids as a Montgomery Ward holiday promotion in 1939. Marks wrote the lyrics and music and cut a demo. He submitted it to Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore, among others, but only Autry agreed to record the song, albeit reluctantly. "He didn't feel it fit his image," Marks explains.

Rudolph's millions allow widower Marks to share a comfortable Greenwich Village townhouse with his eldest son, Michael, 31, a lawyer. His 29-year-old daughter, Laura, is mildly retarded and lives in a women's residence, while another son, David, 26, is studying for his Ph.D. in economics at Harvard. One of Marks' favorite pastimes is checkers, which he often plays with the down-and-out characters who inhabit nearby Washington Square Park.

Marks still jots ideas in his notebook and lyrics on envelopes. Last year, for example, Porter Waggoner made the country charts with Marks' *Everything I Always Wanted*. "But no matter what I write," sighs Marks, "they always say the same thing: 'It's just not Rudolph.'" BARBARA ROWES

"When I finished the first version of *Rudolph*," Marks remembers, "I rated it one of the worst songs I'd ever written."

Photograph by Raeanne Rubenstein

Baby Fat Blues She "fell in love with chocolate cake" during her recent pregnancy. That was how former Miss America (now First Lady of Kentucky) Phyllis George Brown put on 60 pounds before the birth of her son, Lincoln George-Tyler Brown, now 6 months. A week at California's Golden Door spa took care of seven pounds, and Nathan Pritikin's low-fat diet plus 100 sit-ups a day did most of the rest. Now she's within five pounds of her prepregnancy weight. "Nobody should comment on the weight a woman gains," she intones, "while in the middle of that total godliness of having a baby."

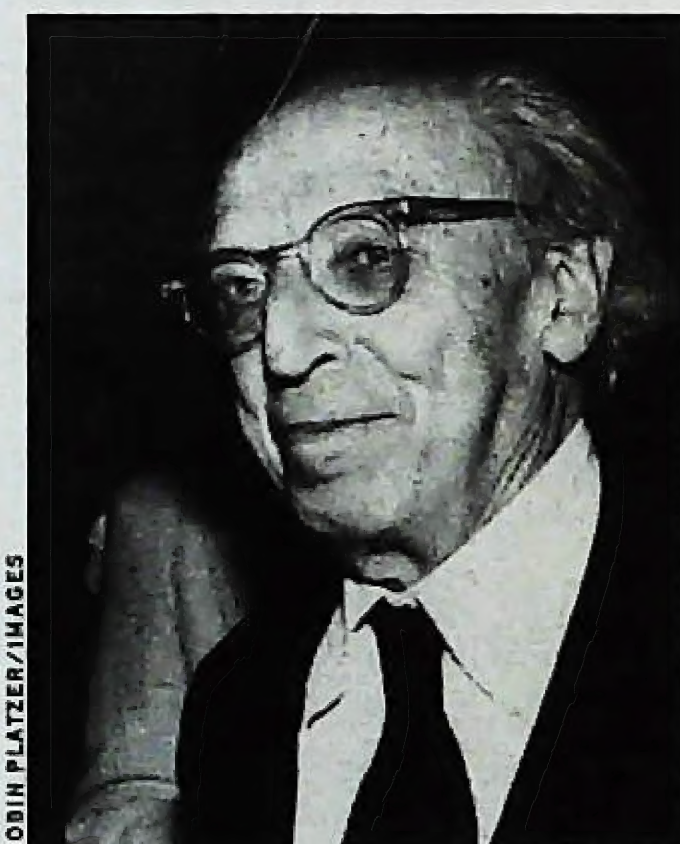


Phyllis George Brown:
Down scale

The Price of Power Because it was apparent to the *Charleston* (W.Va.) *Daily Mail* that Gov. Jay Rockefeller was spending a lot of money on his reelection campaign, the newspaper ran a contest to see who could come closest to guessing the expense figure, which would be revealed one month after the election. Jack Hamra, a tobacco and candy wholesaler, won a night on the town for guessing just under the \$11.6 million that it cost Rockefeller to be elected to a \$50,000-a-year job. The political rule of thumb is about 50¢ a vote; Jay Rockefeller's cost \$28.92 each.

Short Circuit Harlan Ellison writes fiction with a sharp, fantastic edge but is never, by his own decree, *never* to be described as a science fiction writer. The term, he once said, is "an abomination that puts Vonnegut, Bradbury and me in with the giant worm that pissed all over Chicago." While pushing his new story collection, *Shatterday*, Ellison waited in a New York studio to be interviewed via satellite by Chris Curle and Don Farmer in Atlanta for the Cable News Network. As Ellison waited, he saw the words "Sci Fi next" flash across his monitor, and asked the New York producer to warn Atlanta not to do that. She did. Minutes later Chris Curle, in introducing Ellison, chirped the dreaded words. She cut to New York—and Ellison's empty chair. No entreaties could get the wounded Ellison back on the set. For three minutes, Farmer and Curle chattered guestless about him instead of to him. At least, they have lots to talk about—they're married to each other.

Creamed Forget the Sans Souci, once the White House hangout in Washington, and observe how the Reagan transition team flocks to the Yummy Yogurt restaurant next door



Aaron Copland:
Seasoned composer



Jane Fonda:
Office politics



to its downtown office. The "Reagan Rata-touille" is a big seller, but what's bringing folks in is a sign outside that reads: "Welcome President-elect Reagan and staff, Nancy too—Hooray for Hollywood—Republican Coffee now available." (Manager Benny Fischer says he uses "elephant milk for cream.") Fischer had plenty of time to prepare for the new Administration because he says he knew last summer Carter would lose the election. "We were selling peanut pie," he recalls, "and no one was buying it."

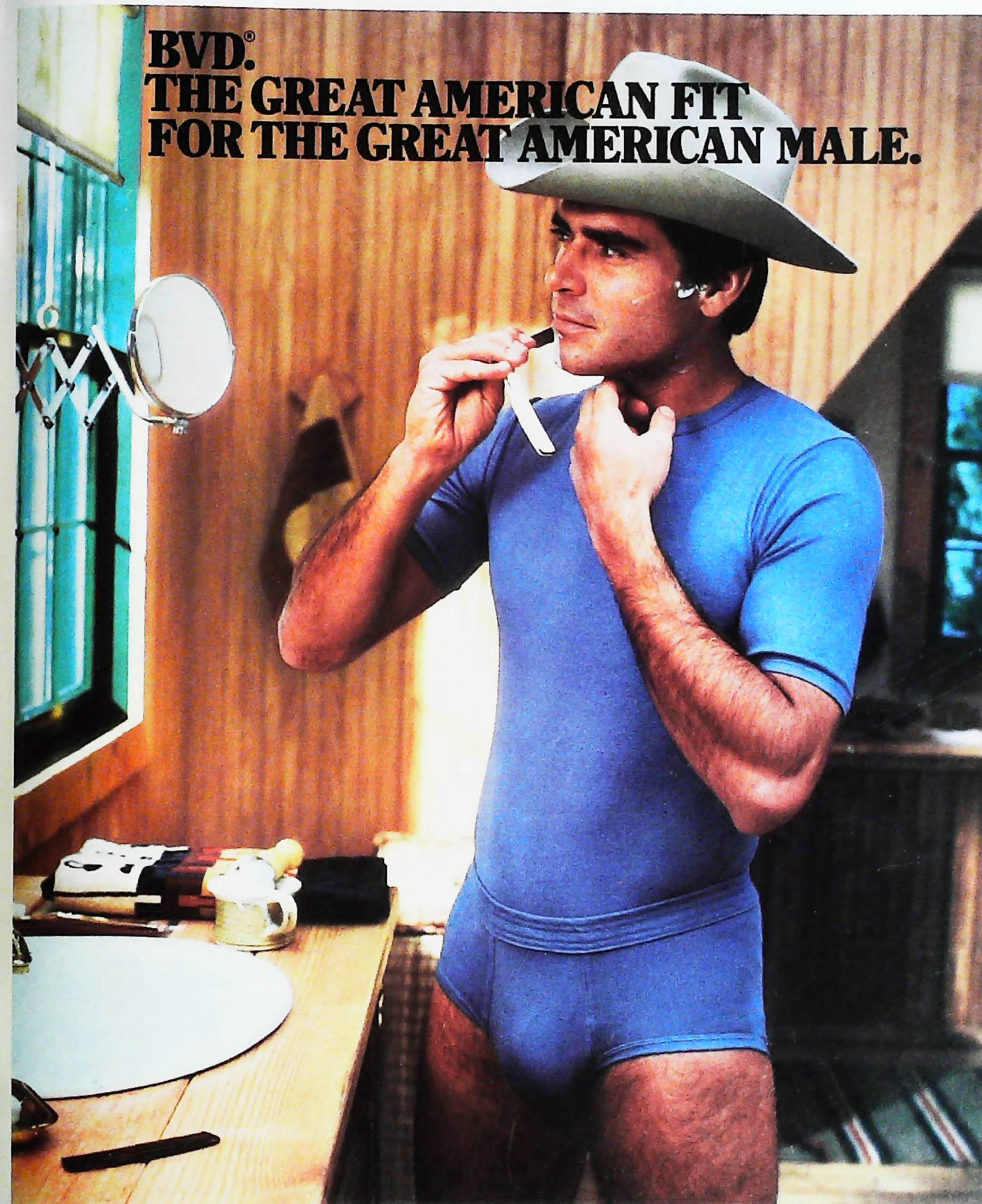
Not so Headstrong It was to be a touching sequence in *Heartbeeps*, the Andy Kauffman-Bernadette Peters film now in production. The childlike figure would discover a baby raccoon and make nice with it. Breaths were held and eyes prepared to moisten as the figure bent over the furry animal, bowed its head—and lost it. The mechanical head, part of a child robot, fell on the raccoon, leaving the creature dazed. Since the scene was shot in a Gardena, Calif. junkyard, the propmen had no trouble finding nuts and bolts to fix the kid. Both robot and raccoon were ready for take two within a half hour.

Ear of the Beholder Just before leaving on a European tour to celebrate his 80th birthday, composer Aaron Copland spoke of his best-known work, *Appalachian Spring*, written for choreographer Martha Graham. "Many times people have come up to me, after hearing the piece in concert, and said, 'Oh, Mr. Copland, when I hear your music, I can just see the Appalachians and feel the spring.' The odd thing is that when I wrote the music for her, I didn't even know what she was going to call it."

Furthermore

- Jane Fonda interviewed 40 Cleveland secretaries while researching her role as a typist in *Nine to Five* and got a rude surprise. "One thing I learned is that the worst floor managers and supervisors by far are women," she confessed. "Some of them are regular Uncle Toms."
- Versatile Swedish actor Max von Sydow, who played Jesus Christ (in *The Greatest Story Ever Told*), can now be seen as the archvillain in *Flash Gordon*. "I ought not to say it," he mused, "but Emperor Ming, at the other end of the moral scale, was much more fun to play."

Max von Sydow:
Bad show



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